AT THE FALL OF MONTREAL

COLONIAL SERIES

EDWARD STRATEMEYER

Herbert CHS-(16) I
R.
Oxnam

Private Libary.

HERBERT R. OXNAM,
435 Englewood Avenue,
CHICAGO.

Feb. 11, 1904

Na. E. O.

AT THE FALL OF MONTREAL

EDWARD STRATEMEYER'S BOOKS

Old Glory Series

Six Volumes. Cloth. Illustrated. Price per volume $1.25.

UNDER DEWEY AT MANILA.
A YOUNG VOLUNTEER IN CUBA.
FIGHTING IN CUBAN WATERS.
UNDER OTIS IN THE PHILIPPINES.
THE CAMPAIGN OF THE JUNGLE.
UNDER MacARTHUR IN LUZON.

Bound to Succeed Series

Three Volumes. Cloth. Illustrated. Price per volume $1.00.

RICHARD DARE'S VENTURE.
OLIVER BRIGHT'S SEARCH.
TO ALASKA FOR GOLD.

Ship and Shore Series

Three Volumes. Cloth. Illustrated. Price per volume $1.00.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE SPITFIRE.
TRUE TO HIMSELF.
REUBEN STONE'S DISCOVERY.

War and Adventure Stories

Cloth. Illustrated. Price per volume $1.25.

ON TO PEKIN.
BETWEEN BOER AND BRITON.

American Boys' Biographical Series

Cloth. Illustrated. Price per volume $1.25.

AMERICAN BOYS' LIFE OF WILLIAM McKINLEY.

Another volume in preparation.

Colonial Series

Cloth. Illustrated.

WITH WASHINGTON IN THE WEST. *Price* $1.25.
MARCHING ON NIAGARA. *Price* $1, *net.*
AT THE FALL OF MONTREAL. *Price* $1, *net.*

Pan-American Series

Cloth. Illustrated. Price per volume $1, *net.*

LOST ON THE ORINOCO.
THE YOUNG VOLCANO EXPLORERS.
THE YOUNG EXPLORERS OF THE ISTHMUS.

Working Upward Series

Cloth. Illustrated. Price per volume $1.

BOUND TO BE AN ELECTRICIAN.
SHORTHAND TOM, THE REPORTER.
THE YOUNG AUCTIONEER.
FIGHTING FOR HIS OWN.

JOE, THE SURVEYOR. *Price,* $0.80, *net.*

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_T5-ARI-235

As the weapon rang out the red man leaped upward and fell in a heap. — *Page 53.*

Colonial Series

AT THE FALL OF MONTREAL

OR

A SOLDIER BOY'S FINAL VICTORY

BY

EDWARD STRATEMEYER

Author of "With Washington in the West," "Lost on the Orinoco," "American Boys' Life of William McKinley," "On to Pekin," "Old Glory Series," "Ship and Shore Series," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. SHUTE

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD
1903

Published August, 1903

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY LEE AND SHEPARD
Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

All rights reserved

AT THE FALL OF MONTREAL

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Interesting Sport,	1
II.	The Indians in the Canoe,	8
III.	On a Dangerous Mission,	18
IV.	A Squall on Lake Ontario,	28
V.	Perils of the Forest,	38
VI.	An Unexpected Separation,	48
VII.	A Bear and Her Cubs,	58
VIII.	In the Hands of Friends,	68
IX.	What Befell Henry,	78
X.	In the Hands of the Enemy,	88
XI.	Aboard the Fire-Boat,	97
XII.	General Wolfe's Camp,	107
XIII.	Scaling the Heights of Quebec,	116
XIV.	Wolfe's Victory and Death,	126
XV.	News from Home,	135
XVI.	A Fire and an Escape,	144
XVII.	The Hole in the Ice,	154
XVIII.	Winter Quarters,	164
XIX.	Lost in the Snow,	173
XX.	The Situation at Quebec,	183
XXI.	Under Arrest,	193
XXII.	In Prison and Out,	203
XXIII.	Face to Face with the Unexpected,	213

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXIV.	A Game of Hide and Seek,	223
XXV.	Taken as a Spy,	233
XXVI.	Dave's Journey to Quebec,	242
XXVII.	The Attack of the French,	250
XXVIII.	In the Ranks Once More,	250
XXIX.	Dark Days,	270
XXX.	The Rapids of the St. Lawrence,	279
XXXI.	The Fall of Montreal,	288
XXXII.	From War to Peace—Conclusion,	300

PREFACE

"At the Fall of Montreal" is a complete story in itself, but forms the third volume of a line known by the general title of "Colonial Series."

The first volume of this series, entitled "With Washington in the West," related the fortunes of David Morris, the son of a pioneer who settled at Wills' Creek, now known as Cumberland, Va. David became well acquainted with Washington while the latter was a surveyor, and later on served under the young commander during the fateful Braddock expedition against Fort Duquesne.

The defeat of General Braddock left the English frontier at the mercy of the French and Indians, and in the second volume of the series, entitled "Marching on Niagara," were given the particulars of General Forbes's advance on Fort Duquesne, and also the particulars of the advance on Fort Niagara under Generals Prideaux and Johnson, leading up to a decisive victory which gave the English control of all the vast territory lying between the great lakes and what was then the Louisiana Territory.

The French hold on North America was now badly shaken, but not altogether broken; and in the present volume are related the particulars of General Wolfe's brilliant scaling of the Heights of Quebec, the battle on the Plains of Abraham, and the capture of the city itself.

Following the surrender of Quebec came a winter of dreary waiting for both sides in this great conflict. Each army looked for re-enforcements, and early in the spring the French made an attack, hoping to regain the ground lost. But this attack was repulsed, and then the French concentrated at Montreal, and hither were hurried the three divisions of the English army, including a goodly number of Colonial troops. With these forces was David Morris, doing his duty to the end, until the fall of Montreal brought this important and far-reaching war with France to a close.

As in his previous works, the author has sought to be as accurate as possible in historical detail—no easy task where American, English, and French historians differ so widely in their statements.

Once again I thank my young friends for the interest they have shown in my books. May the present volume prove both pleasing and profitable to them.

EDWARD STRATEMEYER.

June 1, 1903.

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

As the weapon rang out, the red man leaped upward and fell in a heap . . (*Frontispiece*) 53

As the catamount left the ground, White Buffalo fired a second arrow 46

A short distance away was a broad-sterned brig 109

He gave it a vigorous kick, which sent it spinning away from the dangerous spot . . . 146

"B'ar meat!" yelled Barringford 180

Four troopers were in hot pursuit 222

Dave's musket was up in an instant 268

"Stand where you are," ordered the sick man . 297

AT THE FALL OF MONTREAL.

CHAPTER I

INTERESTING SPORT

"THIS looks like a good spot for fishing."

"I don't know but that you are right, Dave. Those trees back of us cut off most of the sunlight, and a hollow like that ought to be good for at least one fair-sized trout."

"Do you think any of the other soldiers have been down to this part of the lake?"

"Hardly," answered Henry Morris. "At least, there are no signs of them," he went on, as he examined the ground with the care of an Indian trailer.

"If we are the first to try this vicinity we certainly ought to have good luck," continued Dave Morris, as he dropped several of the traps he carried to the ground and began to prepare his fishing pole

for use. "By the way, do you think there are any Indians in this vicinity?"

"Only those who are under command of Sir William Johnson. They sent all the French redskins about their business in short order."

"How long do you suppose our troops will be kept around Fort Niagara?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Dave. We may get marching orders at any time. Now that the fort is ours all Sir William has to do is to leave a small force in command and then sail down the lake and the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec. We've got the French on the run and we ought to keep 'em on the run until they give up fighting altogether."

"I wonder if General Wolfe has had a battle yet."

"I shouldn't be surprised. Reckon we'll get word in a few days. But come, let us keep quiet, or we won't get even a perch, much less a trout," concluded Henry Morris.

David and Henry Morris were two young soldiers in the Colonial army, stationed at present at Fort Niagara, a stronghold located on the Niagara River, close to where that stream emptied into Lake Ontario.

The two youths were cousins, and when at home lived at Wills' Creek, where the town of Cumber-

land, Va., stands to-day. The household consisted of Dave's father, Mr. James Morris, who was a widower, and of Mr. Joseph Morris, his wife Lucy, and their three children: Rodney, the oldest, who was something of a cripple; Henry, already mentioned, and little Nell, the family pet.

When James Morris's wife died the man, who was a trapper and a trader, became very disconsolate, and leaving his son Dave in his brother's charge, he wandered to the West and established a trading-post on the Kinotah, a river flowing into the Ohio. This was at the time when George Washington was a young surveyor; and in the first volume of this series, entitled "With Washington in the West," I related many of the particulars of how Dave fell in with the future President of our country, helped him in his surveying, and later on, when war broke out between the English and the French, marched under Washington in Braddock's disastrous campaign against Fort Duquesne, located where the city of Pittsburg now stands.

The defeat of General Braddock meant much to James Morris. He had spent both time and money in establishing his trading-post on the Kinotah, and though a rascally French trader named Jean Bevoir had done his utmost to cheat him out of his belongings, Mr. Morris had considered his property safe

until the trading-post was taken and he was made a prisoner. Dave was also captured by the French, but father and son escaped by the aid of White Buffalo, a friendly Indian of the Delawares, and Sam Barringford, an old frontiersman and a warm personal friend of all the Morrises.

Both England and her American colonies were now thoroughly aroused to the importance of a strong attack on the French and their Indian allies; and in the second volume of the series, entitled "Marching on Niagara," were given the particulars of another campaign against Fort Duquesne, which was captured and renamed Fort Pitt, and then of a long and hard campaign against Fort Niagara, in which both Dave and Henry took an active part, accompanied by the ever-faithful Sam Barringford.

The march against Fort Duquesne and Fort Niagara had come only after a bloodthirsty uprising by the Indians, which even to-day is well remembered by the people living in Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New York, whose forefathers suffered from the attack. Cabins were burned, cattle stolen, and men, women, and children killed or mutilated. In some instances children were carried off by the Indians, and among these was little Nell, the sunshine of the Morris household.

The shock to Mrs. Lucy Morris was severe, and for a long time she could not be comforted. From various sources it was learned that the child had been taken first to one place and then another by the Indians, and at last it was ascertained that Nell was in the hands of some Indians under the command of Jean Bevior, who had moved to the vicinity of Niagara Falls, where he intended to keep the little girl until the Morrises paid dearly for her ransom.

As soon as the capture of the fort was accomplished, and while some of the soldiers were hunting for game for food, several wounded prisoners were brought in, and among them was Jean Bevoir, who had been shot through the leg. The rascally French trader was now thoroughly cowed, and when threatened by Henry confessed that little Nell was being held a prisoner in a cave near the Falls. A march was made in that direction, and after an exciting chase of some Indians the little girl was rescued.

At the fort the whole matter was laid before Sir William Johnson, the Indian Superintendent, who had charge of the red men aiding the English, but who was now, because of the sudden death of General Prideaux, in command of all the troops. By Johnson's order Jean Bevoir was placed in the hos-

pital under military guard, to stand trial when physically able to do so.

The two young soldiers were overjoyed over the rescue of little Nell and promised themselves that Jean Bevior should suffer roundly for his misdeeds. As for the little maiden, she was anxious to get back to her home, and soon set off with old Sam Barringford, the frontiersman having promised her folks that, if she was once found, he would not let her out of his sight again until she was safe in her mother's arms.

The days following the fall of Fort Niagara had been comparatively quiet ones for the two young soldiers. It had not yet been decided what should be done with the French prisoners, although it was certain a large part of them would be shipped to England. The women and children who had followed the French to the fort for protection were placed under the guidance of some Catholic priests and allowed to depart for Montreal and other settlements in Canada.

The time was July, 1759, and the region for miles around the Niagara River and Lake Ontario was an almost unbroken forest, dotted here and there by the remains of an Indian camp or a French or English trading-post. Game had suffered but slightly from the hunting tours of the red men, and while the sol-

diers from England took but little interest in such sport, the frontiersmen in the ranks seized the opportunity to supply themselves with fresh meat and also add a pelt or two to their scanty worldly store. Each day they would bring in one or more deer, and occasionally a buffalo, besides the skins of foxes, wildcats, and other small animals, and innumerable birds, until the fort took on the look of a trading-post in spite of itself.

Dave and Henry were not slow to join in the hunting, and between them they one day brought in a deer which was the pride of the camp, weighing thirty-five pounds more than the next largest. This game Dave had wounded by a shot in the foreleg, and Henry had finished by a bullet through the left eye, for Henry, as my old readers already know, was a natural-born hunter and a skillful marksman as well.

Two days after bringing down the deer, and while the two had a half-day off-time, Dave proposed that they go fishing. His cousin was more than willing, and the pair lost no time in fitting up their poles and in obtaining bait, and thus equipped both set off for the lake front, tramped along until they came to a spot that looked particularly inviting, and then, as already described, prepared to try their luck.

CHAPTER II

THE INDIANS IN THE CANOE

It was a warm, clear day, and out on the broad bosom of the lake the sun shone brightly. There was a faint breeze from the west which rustled the leaves of the trees and sent an occasional ripple over the water. From the forest came the notes of the songbirds and the hum of countless insects.

Dave would have been satisfied to catch a good mess of perch, but he knew Henry's heart was set on at least one fair-sized lake trout, so he did not bait up at once, but stood by, watching his cousin adjust his fishing outfit.

"There's a fat fly fit to tempt any trout," whispered Henry, as he brought the bait from a small box he carried. "Caught half a dozen of 'em down at the horse stable. The glitter of those bluish wings ought to fetch something. Here goes!"

Henry advanced to within six feet of the lake shore, at a point where a large tree and some rough

rocks overhung the water. Here was a rather dark hole where the water was unusually quiet.

With the skill of a born fisherman, the young soldier made his cast, and as the still buzzing fly struck the water, he whipped it along by jerks, a few inches at a time.

Of a sudden there came a splash, the appearance and disappearance of something that might be a fish, and then a strong pull on the line.

"Hurrah, you've got him!" cried Dave. "Be careful how you play him, or he'll break your line for you."

"Yes, I've got him!" answered Henry, slowly and deliberately, playing his line as he spoke. "And he's no small one either. If only those roots don't tangle—— Here he comes! Whoop!"

As the youth spoke, the fish made another dart. But Henry was ready for him, and in a twinkling the game lay on the moss between the trees, flopping wildly in an endeavor to get back into the lake. But both youths knew too much to let anything like that happen, and in a minute more Henry had his prize secure and strung on a twig with a forked end.

"What a fine haul for a start," was Dave's comment, as he gazed at the trout, that weighed several pounds. "I don't believe we'll get another fish as good."

"No, and I don't believe there is another trout in this vicinity, Dave. A big fellow like this keeps his territory to himself."

Nevertheless, Henry tried his luck, not once but several times. But the flies went begging until some small fish came along and began to nibble at them, and then Henry drew in.

"That spot just below here ought to be good for perch," said he, after a look around, and they moved on to the place mentioned, where both baited with worms dug up before starting on the trip.

Dave was the first to throw in, and his cousin waited until the bait was taken with a sudden short jerk. Dave pulled in steadily, and soon brought to light a perch as round and fat as one would wish to see.

"That's a good start on perch," observed Henry, with a smile. "And to my mind they are just as good to eat as trout, even if they are not so gamey."

After this both fell to fishing with all the skill at their command, Dave remaining at the spot where he had made his first haul and Henry seeking a point a few rods further up the shore.

Although both of the young soldiers felt that no enemy was in the immediate vicinity, yet they took care to keep in sight of each other and kept a constant watch on the forest behind them. Each had

brought along his trusty flint-lock musket, and the weapons, loaded and primed, were kept easy to hand.

"Do you think Sam Barringford has reached home with Nell yet?" asked Dave, as Henry came toward him to get more bait.

"Hardly yet, Dave; but he ought to get there by the end of the week."

"She'll be glad to get back, won't she? And how glad all of them will be to see her!"

"Yes, indeed!" Henry's eyes brightened at the thought. "Do you know, it's a wonder to me that she didn't die of fright when she was in the clutches of those dirty redskins and that mean, miserable Jean Bevoir," he went on.

"Bevoir pretends to be in an awfully bad condition, so one of the hospital surgeons told me. I reckon he is afraid of standing trial."

"To be sure. He'll stay in the hospital till they kick him out." Henry gave a grave shake of his head. "He ought to be hung; but I suppose they won't go as far as that."

"It isn't likely."

The youths separated, and the fishing continued steadily, until each had a mess of ten or a dozen fish to his credit. The perch were all of good size, so the load to carry back to the fort would be no light one.

"Let us go down the shore and see if we can't strike another trout hole," said Dave. "I'd like to bring up one, even if he didn't match yours."

They proceeded along the lake shore, and soon reached another shady spot. Here they found two small trout, which were both landed by Dave, Henry in the meantime hunting in the forest and bringing out some sassafras and birch, which both began to munch as a relish.

"What a good trading-post one could establish up here," observed Henry. "The game——" He broke off short. "What do you see?"

Dave was gazing out on the lake, and now he climbed on the rock to get a better view.

"It's a canoe," said Dave slowly. "And unless I am mistaken there are two or three Indians in it."

"Some of Sir William's followers most likely. Are they coming this way?"

"They are not paddling at all. They seem to be sleeping."

"Sleeping? That's queer." Henry climbed up beside his cousin and gave an equally searching look. "I don't believe they are sleeping at all, Dave. Those Indians are either dead or else shamming death."

"Why should they come here shamming death, Henry?"

"Perhaps they are spies. We had better be on guard and keep out of sight."

"But I think we ought to watch them."

"Certainly; we can do it from behind yonder brushwood."

It took but a minute to pick up their outfits and their catches, and with these they slipped behind the thicket Henry had mentioned. Here they kept themselves well hidden, each with his firearm in hand, ready for use should any shooting be required.

The canoe came closer slowly, and presently they made out that it contained two red men, both in war-paint and sporting the colors and feathers of the Delawares.

"If they are Delawares they should be friendly," whispered Dave.

"Don't be too sure. Remember, White Buffalo said that even his tribe was divided, the old chiefs standing up for the French and the young chiefs swearing by Washington and Sir William."

"One of the redskins has raised himself and he is trying to paddle," went on Dave, after a spell of silence. "He has got a bandage around his left forearm, as if he was wounded. See, he is talking to his companion, but the other fellow won't budge. Do you know what I think? I think they are both badly wounded."

"Even so, they may be enemies," returned Henry, who had learned by bitter experince not to trust anybody until he proved himself a friend.

Gradually the canoe came up to the shore and they could see the faces of the occupants plainly. That they were suffering was evident, for the man at the bottom of the canoe lay in a pool of half-dried blood.

"I believe we ought to help them if we can," whispered Dave, as the Indian who had held the paddle dropped in a heap on the seat. "I don't believe they could harm us, no matter how they tried."

After some hesitation Henry agreed, and guns in hand the pair stepped from the shelter of the bushes and walked down to the spot where the canoe had grounded.

"Hullo, redskins!" called out Henry. "What brings you here?"

At the sound of the young soldier's voice the Indian on the seat stirred feebly. Then as he caught sight of the two on the shore he uttered a faint cry.

"English soldiers!" he murmured, in his native tongue.

"I say, what brings you here?" repeated Henry.

"How?" muttered the red man in return, and tried to brace himself up. "Blue Crow much hurt. Got fire-water?"

"No, we haven't any fire-water," answered Dave. "How did you get hurt?"

"French soldiers shoot Blue Crow and Yellow Nose," answered the Indian, with an effort. "Good English help um, yes?"

"Perhaps," said Henry. "Where did you have the fight?"

"Udder shore of lake. Want to find the Great William. You help or Yellow Nose die," went on the Indian, pointing to his silent companion.

Dave and Henry drew closer and lowered their muskets. What Blue Crow said was true—the Indian in the bottom of the canoe was wounded both in the breast and the stomach. He was breathing in loud gasps, and it was easy to see that his earthly career was fast approaching its end.

"I am sorry, but we can do nothing for your friend," said Dave softly.

"Nothing?" repeated the Indian on the seat. "Nothing,—and Yellow Nose tried to do much for his English brothers." He drew his mouth down bitterly. "His reward must come from the Great Spirit alone."

"If you want to find Sir William Johnson we can take you to him," said Henry. "The fort is only a short distance up the lake. We can paddle the canoe."

"Let us bind up your wounds first," said Dave, and this was done, and they also tried to do something for the Indian at the bottom of the canoe. But in the midst of their labors Yellow Nose breathed his last.

Having covered the dead Indian with a coat, and done all they could for Blue Crow, Dave and Henry took up the two paddles the canoe contained and lost no time in moving the craft up the lake in the direction of the Niagara River. They soon reached one of the usual boat landings, and here fell in with a score or more of soldiers. By this time Blue Crow had fainted away, and it took all the skill of one of the fort surgeons to revive him.

"He wants to see Sir William Johnson," said Dave. "I believe he carries some sort of message."

"Then we'll take him up to the fort on a litter," said the surgeon. "I do not believe he can recover. He has lost too much blood."

By the time the fort was reached Blue Crow was in danger of another relapse. Sir William Johnson was speedily summoned. As he came in he recognized the Indian as one he knew fairly well.

"I am sorry for you," he said, taking the Indian's hand.

"Blue Crow is glad he has reached the Great William," replied the red man. "He was afraid he

would die before he met his English friend face to face. He comes many miles, from beyond the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence."

"With a message?"

"Yes. He was sent by General Wolfe."

"And what has General Wolfe to say?" demanded Sir William Johnson eagerly.

"He has fought the French, and—and has lo—lost. He—says—help—the French have—slain—I—'tis growing—dark—dark——"

The Indian gave a gasp, and tried to go on. Sir William Johnson raised him up and called for the surgeon. But it was too late—the red messenger was dead.

CHAPTER III

ON A DANGEROUS MISSION

To understand fully the importance of the news brought to Sir William Johnson by Blue Crow we shall have to go back a little and see what the English and Colonial soldiers were trying to do in this campaign of 1759 against the French.

Encouraged by the success at Fort Pitt and at other points, the king and the military leaders of the English had decided on a campaign which should strike at the French in three different places. General Prideaux and Sir William Johnson were to advance on Oswego and Fort Niagara, General Amherst was to push his way northward through the Lake Champlain territory, and General Wolfe was to sail from England with an army of eight thousand troops and move up the St. Lawrence River upon Quebec. As soon as the success of General Prideaux and of General Amherst was assured, these two branches of the English forces were to

join Wolfe in his attack on the French stronghold.

As we have already seen, the attack on Fort Niagara was a brilliant success. But the advance of Amherst proved difficult. The French fled slowly before him, doing all they could to hinder his progress, and a succession of storms on the lake caused him a heavy loss of ships and stores. Some of his troops, the New Hampshire Rangers under Major Rogers, went as far as the village of St. Francis, which they destroyed, thus saving that part of New England from further trouble on the frontier, but with the coming of winter Amherst was compelled to go into winter quarters at Crown Point.

In the meantime, General Wolfe, on board the English fleet, reached the Canadian shore in June. News of his coming had already spread among the French, and it was felt that his attack would be directed against Quebec.

"We must save our beloved city, no matter what the cost!" was the cry throughout Canada; and to Quebec flocked both the regular French troops and also the French colonists, to the number of many thousands. All of these soldiers were placed under the command of General Montcalm, a wise and good soldier and one known for his thorough bravery.

As most of my young readers know, Quebec is

located on a high bluff, overlooking the St. Lawrence. This bluff, or series of bluffs, extends along the river front for miles, making the task of reaching the city from the water a difficult one. But Montcalm was not to be caught napping, and he lost no time in fortifying the bluffs all the way from Quebec proper down the river to the Falls of Montmorenci, a distance of about five miles.

It was no easy task for the British fleet to sail up the St. Lawrence, which was difficult of navigation because of the many hidden rocks and shoals, but at length they reached the Island of Orleans, just below the city, and after a short brush with the inhabitants, who soon fled, the army took possession.

Early on the following morning General Wolfe went to the edge of the island and took a survey of the situation.

"It will be no easy matter to capture Quebec," said one of his subordinates. "'Tis a regular Gibraltar."

"It must be done," answered Wolfe quietly.

He well understood the difficulty of the task before him. To scale those frowning walls would be hard, especially in the face of the French batteries, and back of the city were the still higher hills of Cape Diamond, also well fortified. All along the

rocky shore could be seen the frowning cannon of Montcalm.

"General Wolfe must wait for help from Amherst and Prideaux," was the comment of more than one old soldier, but Wolfe was resolved not to wait too long, fearing Montcalm would also be reenforced, and that his own supplies would run short.

To destroy the English ships, Montcalm sent out a number of fire-boats, filled to the gunwales and rails with pitch, tar, and explosives. These made a brilliant illumination, but failed to do much damage.

Advancing from the Island of Orleans, General Wolfe captured Point Levi, where the town of Levis now stands. This was directly opposite Quebec, and from this point he was able to bombard the city, only about a mile away. This new movement of the English caused great alarm in Quebec, and plans for an immediate attack on Wolfe were begun by the armed townspeople, some Indians, and a number of young men from the Seminary.

The attack was to be made on the 12th of July, but as the motley collection of French and Indians drew close to the English camp in the darkness there was a sudden alarm, some of the crowd fired on their own friends, and then followed a panic, and all rushed back to the canoes which had brought them over, and made haste to paddle back to Quebec.

For this attack Wolfe made the French pay dearly. His cannon were trained on the water front before Quebec and on parts of the city itself, and inside of twenty-four hours a Cathedral and eighteen houses were burnt or wrecked by shot and shell. Mad with terror, the inhabitants fled to the back country, and sent word to Montcalm imploring the general to save them.

But it was not Wolfe's intention to waste his ammunition by merely battering down the buildings of Quebec. He wished to capture the stronghold, and as it seemed to offer no chance at the front he resolved to move down the river once again, make a landing below the Falls of Montmorenci, and try to find his way around to the enemy's rear.

The Montmorenci River is a wild and turbulent stream, flowing at the bottom of a deep gorge and leaping into the St. Lawrence over a cataract two hundred and more feet in height. On each side of the gorge was a dense forest, so a camp was made along the stream without molestation from the French soldiers, who lay concealed in the woods on the opposite side of the cataract.

General Levis was in command of the French detachment on guard at the Montmorenci. He wished to dislodge Wolfe at once, but was overruled by Vaudreuil, the French governor-general. Never-

theless some French Indians crossed at a hidden ford and drove back some of the English troops, from which they took thirty-six scalps.

There now ensued a number of small skirmishes in which the honors were about evenly divided. Some of the English troops landed above Quebec and gained a foothold, and there was a constant cannonading from both sides which did but little damage. Montcalm refused to move, and Wolfe at last decided to make a bold attack, both by the ford of the Montmorenci and by the river shore, where the receding tide at times left a long stretch of mud flats.

This was on the last day of July, just one week after the fall of Fort Niagara. The day promised fair, but in the afternoon there was a heavy downpour of rain, which wet the ammunition of the soldiers and made marching in the mud next to impossible. The English troops fought desperately, but were beaten back by the French batteries, and soon saw that to climb the slippery slopes before them would be impossible.

"We can't make it," said more than one, and reluctantly Wolfe had the retreat sounded, and the English withdrew, with a loss to the grenadiers and the Colonials of over four hundred killed and wounded.

It was a bitter blow, but how bitter the colonists at large did not know until some time later, for in those days there was neither telegraph nor train to carry the news. Among the Indians in the fight was Blue Crow, and he and his companion, Yellow Nose, were at once dispatched to Fort Niagara to tell General Prideaux of what had occurred and to learn when the force along Lake Ontario might be expected to move down the St. Lawrence.

The news received by Sir William Johnson was short and unsatisfactory, and both the bodies of the dead Indians and their canoe were searched for a possible written message, but without success. Sir William was much disturbed, for some instructions which had been forwarded to General Prideaux by General Amherst were also missing, and he scarcely knew how to turn next. General Gage, he knew, was coming to take command in his stead, but in the meanwhile time of great value might be lost.

"I will send out some spies toward Oswego," he said, to several of his fellow officers. "If they are not stopped they can move on as far as the St. Lawrence. Perhaps they can bring in the news I wish."

In the course of a talk with Dave and Henry regarding the manner in which the dead Indians had

first been discovered, the commander mentioned that he wished to send out the spies, and Henry at once begged that he be allowed to go along.

"I take a deep interest, sir," he said respectfully. "And I would consider it an honor to serve you in that way."

"And so would I consider it an honor," added Dave.

"Perhaps, but it is likewise a risk, my lads," answered the Indian Superintendent.

"We are used to taking risks," went on Henry. "Both of us are fair shots and have been serving in the field ever since the war began."

"I will think it over," said Sir William. "One thing is in your favor—a youth can sometimes get through where a man is suspected and halted and very often shot down."

"We should expect the same treatment that older men get," answered Dave grimly.

Late that evening a party of six was made up, composed of a sharpshooter named Silvers, who was the leader, three backwoodsmen named Raymond, Gilfoy, and Shamer, and the two young soldiers. Silvers was given minute instructions as to what he must do, and was told to impart these instructions to the others after Fort Niagara was left behind. They were told to move forward at early dawn, and

all spent two hours in getting ready for the trip, which they knew would be full of peril.

"It's a big load on your shoulders," said Shamer to the youths. He was a Dutch pioneer and had known them ever since they had joined the troops under Prideaux. "Maybe you don't know the risk you are taking."

"No larger on our shoulders than on yours," laughed Dave.

"There may be French and Indian spies all around this lake," went on Shamer.

"Why do you go?" demanded Henry.

"Me? Oh, I like the excitement."

"Well, I reckon we like the excitement too," said Dave; and then there was a short laugh, for nobody fully realized the great peril that the future held in store for them.

It was hardly four o'clock in the morning when Silvers came around and awakened the others, who had gone into a little camp of their own down by the lake front.

"No time to be lost," he said. "We'll get breakfast just as quick as we can." And the meal was disposed of in short order.

It had been decided that the six should move down the lake in two small rowboats, each carrying its share of the stores taken along. Everybody was

to take his turn at rowing, and the boats were td move along in the dark as well as during the daytime. By this means it was hoped that the distance, about a hundred and thirty miles, would be covered in less than three days.

"All ready?" asked Silvers, when the dishes were put away.

"All ready," was the answer, from one and another. Then they entered the two rowboats, took up the oars, and before the morning sun shone over the surface of the placid lake the journey down the broad sheet of water was begun.

CHAPTER IV

A SQUALL ON LAKE ONTARIO

"If General Wolfe has suffered a heavy defeat it means a hard blow to our cause," observed Dave, as the two rowboats glided over the water a short distance from each other.

"You are right," answered the backwoodsman named Raymond. "Everybody was hoping he would sail right up the St. Lawrence and capture Quebec before the French were up to what he was doing."

"I don't think this war is over yet," put in Gilfoy, a round-faced Irish-American. "Sure, when you sift it down, the French can fight as well as any of us, and they have just as many redskins to help 'em out as we have."

"I think they have more," put in Henry. "They have been buying up tribe after tribe with all sorts of presents and bribes—I heard Sir William himself say so."

"I wish they had sent George Washington to Quebec," came from Dave. "I don't think he would have failed."

"What do you know of Washington?" questioned Silvers.

"I used to work for him—when he was a surveyor for old Lord Fairfax—and I served under him when we marched against Fort Duquesne, at the time Braddock was defeated. It was Washington who saved what was left of us from being shot down like so many rabbits, when the redskins surrounded us in the forest."

"Well, I know little of Washington, lad. But I do know it is going to take a plucky commander to capture Quebec, which is set up on high rocks like a regular fort," returned the leader of the expedition.

For the first two hours of their journey they kept fairly close to the shore of the lake, gliding past long stretches of forest which have long since fallen before the axes of the pioneer and the lumberman. Here and there was a rocky cove backed up by sweet-scented shrubs and berry bushes, loaded down with tempting fruit. The morning calls of the birds could be heard, and the occasional howl of a lonely wolf, or the sharp bark of a fox.

"No use in talking," was Henry's comment, as

he cast a longing eye shoreward. "It's a regular paradise for game."

"Then you like hunting, lad?" came from Shamer. "So do I, and nothing would please me better than to land and spend a day running down something big. But duty is duty, and we haven't even a right to linger here," and the tall sharpshooter bent his back to the blade he was working, and Henry, who was opposite, did the same.

The sun was now flooding the surface of the lake with a golden sheen and the day promised to be a hot one. Several of the soldiers had laid aside their coats, and now they took off other garments, in order that they might not perspire too freely.

By noon several of the party calculated that they had traveled twenty-four miles, and by a vote it was decided to pull into an inviting cove, where the shade was dense, and rest for half an hour and dispose of the midday meal.

"There is no use of our killing ourselves at the very start," said Raymond. "We want to save ourselves a little, in case we get into some tight corner and have to row to save our lives." And the others agreed with him.

The rest and meal on the grassy bank, overhung by the branches of some trees which had likely stood there for a century, came to an end all too soon, and

once again they placed their traps in the rowboats and took up the oars. As they glided out onto the lake Silvers gave a look around.

"So far as I can see, not a soul is within sight of us," he announced. "If there are Indians near they are not showing themselves at the water front."

Nevertheless, it was not deemed advisable to hug the shore too closely, and they set a course which soon took them at least quarter of a mile from land.

It must be confessed that the rowing was now beginning to tell upon both Dave and Henry. But as they had enlisted to do their full share of the work, neither complained.

"Sure, and it's no easy job to row hour after hour," said Gilfoy presently. His experiences with a rowboat had been very limited. "'Twouldn't be so bad if the sun wasn't so hot."

"Some clouds are coming up," said Shamer a little later. "And by the feeling in the air I shouldn't be surprised if we had a storm."

The clouds he mentioned hung low down to the westward, and it was not until about four o'clock in the afternoon that they took a turn and came up with remarkable rapidity. Then followed a rush of cold air which was very pleasant.

"The wind is beginning to blow," said Henry. "See the whitecaps it is tossing up."

"The wind is all right, if it doesn't get too strong," replied Silvers. "But to my idea we are going to have more than we want of it presently."

"Yes, and it's coming now!" cried Shamer. "Look across the lake."

They did so, and each saw that he was right. The dense clouds had circled around to the northwestward and the wind was coming in short, sharp puffs which piled the whitecaps one over the other. Then came a sudden rush of air which sent the rowboats careening in a dangerous fashion.

"Hi! we can't stand this!" exclaimed Gilfoy. "Before we know it we'll all be at the bottom. Let us make for shore."

"Yes, and we can't be too quick about it," added Raymond. "This squall is going to be a heavy one."

Silvers admitted that they were right, and without delay the two rowboats were headed for shore, at a point where a curving cove seemed to promise safety.

All pulled with a will, yet long before the cove was gained, the squall struck them, sending a shower of spray in all directions and causing each craft to rock violently.

"Oh!" cried Dave, as some water hit him in the ear. "This is as bad as was the storm we struck when we rowed from Oswego to Fort Niagara."

"Don't say a word—it's a regular Niagara in itself!" gasped Henry, as a downpour of rain followed the gust of wind.

"We can be thankful we are not further out on the lake," came from Raymond. "Now then, all together, and we'll soon be safe!"

They bent to the oars with a will, two in each boat rowing and the third steering. Another gust hit them, giving them a second ducking, and now followed a veritable cloud-burst of rain. But in a few minutes the cove was gained, and they glided under some overhanging branches and thick bushes.

"We are well out of that!" said Henry, when he could catch his breath. "Just listen to the wind whistle!"

"It won't last," said Silvers. "In an hour from now the sun will be shining as brightly as ever."

The wind whistled through the treetops, but down close to the water the breeze did not touch them, and only a few drops of rain entered the rowboats. Luckily they had covered their stores and ammunition with tarpaulins, so no damage was done in that direction.

"This is something we didn't bargain for, eh?"

came from Raymond. "Had we been far out on the lake the chances are we should have been swamped."

As the leader of the little expedition had said, the squall did not last, and in exactly three-quarters of an hour after it began the clouds shifted, the sun came out, and the rain ceased as if by magic.

"Now, men, we must make up for time lost," said Silvers. "We've all had a pretty good rest."

"This squall has changed its course, but I'll wager a mug of cider it comes back by sundown," said Gilfoy.

"And I say the same," added Shamer.

"In that case we want to get as far as possible before it does come back," came from Henry. "The little breeze that is still blowing is in our favor."

Once again the two rowboats were headed down the lake, and each stroke sent the craft shooting on their course. The water was still a trifle rough, but what they lost by this was more than made up by the breeze behind them.

"The air puts new life into a fellow," said Dave. "I feel fresher than I did when we started after dinner."

By sundown another ten or twelve miles had been covered. The wind had now veered around and was blowing strongly from the northeast. The sky

looked heavy, and despite their best efforts it was impossible to make headway down the lake.

"We'll have to go ashore for the night," said Silvers. "More than likely the wind will die down during the night."

After their varied experiences of the day, Dave and Henry were not sorry to leave the oars and take it easy in a sheltered spot picked out by the leader of the expedition. After a careful survey of the location, to make certain that no enemies were near, a tiny camp-fire was lit in a hollow, and over this were broiled some fish which Henry and Raymond caught.

Silvers had been ordered to keep a constant guard both on the lake and on the land by Sir William Johnson, and when it came time to lie down to sleep he divided the night into watches of an hour and a half each, so that all might share in the duty and yet get the benefit of sufficient rest for the next day's work.

Henry was on guard from half-past ten until midnight, when Dave relieved him.

"Have you seen anything?" asked Dave, as he arose and stretched himself, for he had been sleeping soundly.

"Nothing at all," answered his cousin, in a whisper, so as not to arouse the others. "It looks

to me as if a guard is unnecessary; but we have got to obey orders."

But little more was said, and in a few minutes Henry was sleeping peacefully, on a mossy bank close to Raymond the backwoodsman. Dave took up his musket and began to walk around the camp, to awaken himself still more, for he was yet drowsy.

The fire had been allowed to die down, for in spite of the storm nobody seemed to desire the heat, and all had been wet a hundred times before.

After a walk lasting several minutes, and feeling that all was safe, Dave sat down on a fallen tree trunk to meditate. His thoughts were scattered, but presently centered on home. In his mind's eye he could see the big living room of the cabin, with its immense open chimney, its rude furnishings, and its neatly sanded floor. In the easy chair in a corner sat his crippled cousin, Rodney, doing some work that did not require his moving about, and close at hand was his Aunt Lucy, also busy, and with a sweet face not easily forgotten. And then he fancied he could hear a shout from without, and he could see his aunt catch up the gun behind the door in alarm. But the gun fell from her hands when she saw it was her husband and Dave's father approaching, with faithful old Sam Barringford and little Nell. And then he fancied he saw little Nell

give a leap straight into her mother's arms and then into the arms of Rodney.

"I'd like to be there when she gets home," he thought. "I know Aunt Lucy's cheeks will be wet with tears of joy. And they'll all be glad, and the neighbors will come in and there will be a regular jubilee, and——"

Dave stopped his dreamings and leaped to his feet. A noise in the brushwood back of the camp had reached his ears. Holding his musket ready for use, he strained his eyes to pierce the darkness, but he could see nothing.

"Strange," he thought, after a pause. "I am sure I heard something. It must have been a night bird or—— Ha!"

He shut his teeth hard. Something was certainly there—a dark form, moving slowly along, close to the ground. But whether it was man or beast he could not tell, until the form suddenly arose, and then he made out that it was an Indian!

CHAPTER V

PERILS OF THE FOREST

For the instant when Dave made the discovery that the form in the darkness was that of an Indian, the young soldier knew not what to do.

He raised his musket to fire, but did not pull the trigger, fearing the newcomer might be a friend.

"Halt!" he called out, a second later. "Who comes there?"

But the Indian did not halt. Instead he made a sudden movement to one side, and instantly vanished behind a neighboring tree.

"What's the matter?" came from Silvers, who had heard the young guard's challenge. "What did you see?"

"An Indian!" cried Dave. "He just leaped behind a tree over yonder."

"An Indian!" was the cry from several, and in

a moment everybody was on his feet and had his firearm in hand.

"We may be surrounded," came from Raymond. "Better lie low," and his advice was obeyed. As they scattered to the nearby rocks and bushes, Silvers moved cautiously towards the spot where Dave had discovered the red man.

"You are certain it was a redskin?" asked Henry, who had placed himself beside his cousin. "It's pretty dark to see anything."

"I know a redskin when I see him, Henry. But I must admit that he was very low, and the way he got out of sight was a marvel."

"Oh, they can move in a hurry when they have to. One thing is certain, he isn't friendly to the English, or he wouldn't be afraid to show himself."

The two young soldiers waited with bated breath. Each had put a fresh priming on his gun and felt to see that his flint-lock was in good condition. Their very lives might depend upon the shots they made.

Presently they heard voices at a distance, that of Silvers and the guttural tones of a red man.

"If you are alone, come out here and we won't shoot you," they heard the sharpshooter say. "Boys don't shoot this fellow!" he called back to his companions.

"We hear you, cap," answered Raymond, and a moment later Silvers appeared from the forest, followed by the Indian, who carried only a bow and several arrows.

"Why, it's White Buffalo!" cried Dave in astonishment. And he stepped forward to greet his old Indian friend, while Henry did the same.

"How? how?" said the Indian chief, taking their hands in his own. "White Buffalo think it was Dave he see, but was not sure."

"Do you know this Injun?" demanded Silvers.

"To be sure we do!" cried Dave. "He is White Buffalo, an under chief of the Delawares. He has often fought with us against the French, and he is well-known to Washington and to Sir William."

"In that case, I reckon it's all right," said Silvers, and lowered his musket.

"Are you alone, White Buffalo?" questioned Henry, with interest.

"Yes, White Buffalo is alone," replied the red chief. "He was out hunting and hurt his foot on the sharp rocks." He showed the injury, which he had bound up with a bit of rag. "He could not get back to his followers, so walked down to the lake for water."

"I reckon we can fix up that hurt a little better,"

said Dave, and set to work without delay. While he did this, the Indian chief told of his adventures, and of how he had brought down a big deer with an arrow and how his followers had started back to the fort with the game.

"White Buffalo has seen the trail of the French around here," he went on. "The white brothers must beware, or they will fall into a snare."

"We'll keep our eyes open," answered Silvers.

White Buffalo said he would remain with the soldiers until morning, and soon the camp settled down once again to rest. His foot was badly cut, but when Dave had put on some salve that had been placed among the stores, he said it felt much better.

"David is right," he said, while talking to the youth. "This war is not yet in sight of the end. The French agents have been again among the red men. They bring valuable presents and much drink, and promise many things to the Indian if he will but fight with them against the English."

"But White Buffalo, you will not listen to them," cried Dave.

"Has not White Buffalo spoken before?" said the Indian chief, in a hurt tone. "And when he has spoken, his mind is as fast as the rock upon which he sits."

"I knew it!" cried the young soldier. "Oh, I wish all the Indians were as trustworthy as you."

"The red man's heart is full of trouble," went on the Indian chief sadly. "White Buffalo will stand by the English, but when the war is at an end, when the hatchet is buried and the smoke of the pipe of peace floats on the evening air, who shall give to the Indian the land that is rightfully his own? If the French win they will keep the land, and if the English win they will keep the land, and White Buffalo and his brethren will have nothing—the maize land and the hunting land will all be gone from him."

"It is a pity, White Buffalo, there is no denying it," put in Henry. "You ought to have the land just as well as the white man. But the trouble is, you won't cultivate it as we do."

At this the chief drew himself up. "The Indian is a hunter, not a farmer," he said proudly. "He lives by the chase and by what Nature grows for him."

"That's just what causes the trouble, White Buffalo. A man who plants land can live on a few acres, but one who lives by hunting must have miles and miles of plains and forests for his roamings. I like hunting myself, you know I do, so I can under-

stand some of your feelings. But as more people come over here, or are born on the land, we'll have to do less and less of hunting, and more planting and stock raising. In Europe there are so many people they couldn't possibly live by hunting even if they wanted to. What would you do if there were so many Indians here?"

"The Great Spirit who rules the happy hunting ground takes care of that." The chief paused. "And then there are wars."

"Yes, I know you often lose plenty of warriors by your tribal quarrels," said Henry. "But to get back to where we started from. If I have my say, you shall never suffer so long as I have a roof over my head."

"When the war is over, I want White Buffalo to go with me to the trading-post on the Kinotah," put in Dave. "The hunting and fishing there will delight him, I know."

At this the red man looked grateful.

"David and Henry are indeed my brothers," he said softly. "White Buffalo shall be their friend to the death," and he placed the back of the hand of each up to his forehead.

The alarms of the night were not yet at an end. It was still dark, and Dave and Henry, along with White Buffalo, had dropped into a light sleep, when

a cry from Gilfoy, who was on guard, awakened them.

"Some wild beast prowling around," he announced. "Sounds to me like a wildcat."

"Then I'm going to be on my guard," said Dave. He had not forgotten how a wildcat had once leaped upon him while he was in bathing.

All in the camp were soon on the alert. Each listened, but could hear nothing but the gurgle of the tiny stream that poured over the rocks at this spot and into the lake.

"Guess you must have been dreaming, Gilfoy," said Silvers, at length. "Was it another Injun?"

"No, it was no redskin, onless he was climbin' the trees," answered the Irish-American soldier.

"White Buffalo can hear it," came from the Indian chief, as they all listened again. "It comes from over there," and he pointed with his finger to a clump of silver maples twenty feet away. "As the white soldier says, it is a wild beast."

"You must have keen ears," put in Silvers. "I can't hear a thing but the brook."

"White Buffalo lives by the hunt."

"Perhaps you had better go forward and find him then."

"White Buffalo can do that, too," was the quick answer.

"I'll go along," said Henry, and caught up his musket once more.

With extreme caution the two left the circle of the camp-fire which had been started after the first alarm. The Indian held an arrow to his bow, and the young soldier had his finger on the trigger of his firearm.

The advance was very slow and absolutely noiseless. Henry now showed his training as a hunter. Coming to the nearest of the maples, both halted without a sound and peered upward.

There was nothing to be seen, and they moved around to the next tree. Then both caught the dim outline of some animal, crouching low on a thick branch, ready to leap.

There followed the crack of a musket and the whiz of an arrow almost simultaneously, and the wild animal raised up, with a scream of pain. Then it made a mad leap, striking Henry on the shoulder, and both rolled to the ground in the dark.

"Help!" yelled the young soldier, "help!"

The fall had been a peculiar one, and as the youth and beast rolled over, the animal got its foreleg entangled in the strap of Henry's musket. It snapped at the weapon, burying its teeth deeply into the wooden stock. Then, realizing its mistake, it let the musket go and snapped at the young soldier,

but by this time Henry had rolled out of reach.

Hearing the cry for help, Dave rushed forward, followed by the others, Raymond and Gilfoy carrying torches snatched from the camp-fire.

"It's a catamount!" cried Raymond. "Give it to him, men!" And he opened fire with his own musket.

Gilfoy threw his torch at the beast, and it landed on the catamount's head, causing it to turn and roll over in alarm. Then the beast made another leap, this time straight for Raymond's throat.

As the catamount left the ground White Buffalo fired a second arrow. His first had grazed the catamount's back. His second aim was more true, and with a snarl the beast fell back with the point sticking deeply in its side.

"Good for you, White Buffalo!" cried Henry.

He had scarcely spoken when Dave took a shot at the beast, followed by Shamer and lastly Silvers. All three of the shots went more or less true, and the catamount whirled round and round, snapping and snarling. Then it dropped in a heap, gave a few kicks, and lay still.

"That was a wild one, and no mistake," said Silvers, after all had assured themselves that the catamount was really dead.

As the catamount left the ground White Buffalo fired a second arrow. — *Page 46.*

"He's large, too," said Gilfoy, and the Irish-American soldier was right. The beast was nearly three feet long, exclusive of the sweeping tail, and had heavy-set legs and a powerful, "bullish" neck.

"We had better see if there are any more around," said Henry, and the search was started as soon as the firearms were reloaded.

But no other wild beasts put in an appearance, and at last, worn out by the work of the day just past and by the numerous alarms, the soldiers lay down once more, to snatch another nap ere the sun came up.

CHAPTER VI

AN UNEXPECTED SEPARATION

"I DON'T believe the storms are entirely over yet," said Dave, on the following morning, after a walk down to the lake shore and a look at the sky.

"It is going to be cloudy and windy," answered Henry, as he began to wash up in a neighboring pool. "We'll have to work hard for every mile we gain."

While the two were talking, White Buffalo joined them. His foot was still very sore, but he said he intended to turn back toward Fort Niagara as soon as the morning meal was finished.

It did not take long for the soldiers to prepare breakfast, and immediately after this the traps were loaded on the boats and the young soldiers bid White Buffalo good-by.

"Tell Sir William that you met us," said Silvers, "and tell him how the storm made us go into camp;" and this the Indian chief promised to do.

There was a strong, raw wind, and despite the rising sun they were glad to keep on their coats as they bent to the oars and sent the two rowboats speeding on their way. Once more they hugged the shore, Raymond stating that they might run into another squall at any moment.

Although they kept their eyes on the alert, no signs of white man or red were seen during the morning. Once they saw an overturned canoe resting in the mud, but by the appearance of the craft they came to the conclusion that it had been rotting there for several months, if not a year.

"The Indians have deserted this territory and the French have all sailed to the north shore of the lake," said Dave. "It will be a long while before another village or trading-post is established here."

But a few minutes later Shamer proved that Dave was wrong. Standing up suddenly, he pointed to a spot where the lake shore was thinly fringed with trees and brushwood.

"What do you see?" demanded Silvers.

"Redskins—three or four of them," was the low answer.

"Where?"

"Back of those trees. They are gone now."

"If that is so, we must be on our guard," said

the leader of the expedition, and called to those in the second boat to pull further out into the lake.

They watched for a long time, but nothing more was seen of the Indians, and presently Silvers asked Shamer if he was sure his eyesight had not deceived him.

"I am sure I saw them," said the backwoodsman.

"I saw one of the Injuns myself," put in Gilfoy. "Just as I spotted him he dodged out of sight."

Just ahead of the boats the shore made a deep inward curve and Silvers decided that they should row directly across the bay thus formed.

"The bay isn't over a mile across," he said. "But if the redskins try to follow us up they will have a good three or four miles to travel."

"Unless they put out in canoes," came from Raymond.

"If they do that we can easily see them and be on our guard," answered the leader of the expedition.

The constant rowing was beginning to tell on Dave's hands, and he was not sorry when it came his turn to steer the craft occupied by himself, Henry, and Raymond.

Good progress was being made when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the sky became unusually black and the wind freshed up at a remarkable rate.

"Now we are going to catch it," said Raymond. "And a good deal more of wind than of rain."

The backwoodsman was right, and they had just time in which to reach shore when the wind-storm came rushing on them in all of its fury, hurling the whitecaps one over another and causing the tall trees to groan and bend beneath the blast.

"Don't catch me under the trees in such a blow," said Gilfoy, and the others agreed that it would be a foolhardy move to look for shelter there at such a time. More than one branch came down with a crack like that of a pistol, and further off they heard half-decayed monarchs of the forest come down with low booms.

The wind continued to blow, at first in irregular puffs and then in a steady gale, directly from the east. The raindrops were large and scattering and scarcely wet the ground.

"It's of no use to try rowing in this wind," said Silvers, after a careful look at the sky. "We'll be blown back and all our strength wasted."

"How far are we from Oswego?" asked Henry.

"I should say about sixty miles."

"We might tramp that distance," put in Dave. "But it would take not less than two days over this rough ground."

"It's out of the question, lad. The ground is

rougher than you imagine. No, I think we had better rest until morning. This wind can't last."

This being decided, the party proceeded to make themselves comfortable, moving inland to where a series of rocks formed something of a cliff, thickly overgrown with vines and bushes. Here they formed a shelter by leaning long branches and saplings against the rocks, and in a hollow a fire was lit, where they made something hot to drink.

"We must be on our guard here," said Silvers. "Those Indians may be following us. This cliff——"

He stopped short, having received a violent push from Dave, who stood close at hand, under the shelter of a thick tree branch. As the leader of the expedition fell an arrow whizzed by his side, and buried itself in the dirt between the rocks.

"The redskins!" cried Henry. "They are behind us!"

"They are surrounding us," put in Gilfoy.

Another arrow and still another whizzed through the air, and Shamer was struck in the arm. Then came a fierce yell from the forest, which was answered by another from the lake front.

"They must number twenty or thirty," said Dave.

"We are caught like rats in a trap!" ejeculated

Henry. His eyes began to blaze. "We've got to fight for it—and fight our best, too!"

Another yell sounded out and several Indians appeared, hideous in their warpaint. More arrows were fired—one grazing Henry's hand—and eight of the warriors leaped toward the shelter, flourishing their tomahawks.

"Fire on 'em. Don't waste a bullet!" sang out Silvers, and brought his long rifle to bear on the leading Indian. As the weapon rang out the red man leaped upward and fell in a heap, the bullet having pierced his brain.

The firing now became general and soon the shelter by the rocks was filled with smoke, so that but little could be seen. Dave was beside Henry, and both discharged their muskets at the enemy, and they saw two more Indians stagger and fall back. Then a tomahawk came whizzing through the air, and poor Gilfoy went down to rise no more. Shamer was also hit in the leg; and the din became frightful.

"We must get out of here," cried Raymond, catching Dave by the arm. "Come on!"

"Come, Henry!" exclaimed Dave. "Follow us!"

"All right," was the answer, and in a second more the three were running for the nearest

patch of brushwood, loading their muskets as they ran.

As the new shelter was gained, two tall warriors leaped out to meet them. Tomahawks were raised, but Raymond swung his musket over his head and sent one Indian reeling to the earth. In the meantime the second warrior threw his tomahawk at Dave, but the youth dodged and before the red man could recover from his throw Henry was on him with the hunting knife he had carried since the breaking out of the war.

"That for you!" cried Henry, wild with excitement, and buried the knife in the Indian's shoulder. The warrior sank with a groan; and in a moment more he and Henry were on the ground, in a fierce hand-to-hand struggle for life.

Dave was somewhat bewildered by the quickness of the various moves made, and when he could recover somewhat he found himself by Raymond's side, running up the lake shore. A fierce yell and shouting came from a distance, interspersed with gun and pistol shots.

"Whe—where is Henry?" he gasped.

"Reckon he is following us," answered Raymond. "Come on, don't stop here. The Injuns will be after us ag'in in a minute or two."

"But I don't want to—to leave Henry behind."

"Don't worry but what he'll follow, unless they kill him, Dave. Come, it's suicide to stay here," urged Raymond, and caught the youth by the hand and dragged him forward.

The yells of the Indians now came closer, and fearful of being surrounded once more the backwoodsman and Dave plunged into the forest. They chose a point where the tall timber was thick, and they did not stop in their course until a hundred yards or more had been covered. Sheltered by some bushes, they reloaded their muskets, which had been discharged four times since the struggle began.

"This attack has been a bad one, lad," said Raymond, who was breathing heavily. "Gilfoy is dead, and I saw Shamer go down, too."

"And Henry?" panted the young soldier. "Oh, do you think——" He could not go on.

"Let us hope for the best, lad."

"If I thought I could help him I'd go back."

"No, no, lad, don't you try it. The Injuns are three or four to one, and you'll lose your scalp just as sure as you are born."

With great bitterness of mind, Dave was forced to realize that this was true. Yet, he could not bear to leave Henry to his fate.

"If he is killed I'll never forgive myself," he thought.

Listening intently, they heard the Indians moving around the neighborhood, evidently trying to pick up the trail the whites had left. Gradually they appeared to come closer.

"We must get out of here," whispered Raymond. "Follow me, and don't make a sound."

As silently as a shadow he led the way through the brushwood and to the open forest once more. Fortunately the coming of night now favored them, along with the heavy clouds which still hung low in the sky.

Deeper and deeper they plunged into the growths until they came to some rough rocks, back of which was a hollow filled with stagnant water.

"Let us climb over some of the rocks," whispered the backwoodsman. "That will cut off the trail—in case they do happen to strike it."

With a heavy heart Dave did as advised, and the pair covered another distance of a hundred yards. Here the rocks were larger, forming a cliff considerably higher than that where the fateful shelter had been located.

"I see something of an opening," announced Raymond presently. "It ought to make a good hiding place."

He pointed to a split between the rocks. The opening was high and just wide enough for them to

squeeze through. To the rear was located a dark cave of unknown depth.

"We'll rest here," said Raymond, and threw himself on a rocky seat. "Keep your musket ready for use."

"It is all ready," answered Dave, and sank beside his companion, wondering what had become of Henry, and how this unexpected encounter was going to terminate.

CHAPTER VII

A BEAR AND HER CUBS

SLOWLY an hour slipped by. To Dave it seemed an age, and more than once he peered up and down the rough rocks to see if there was any sign of friends or enemies. From a distance had come two shots, but after that all was quiet as a tomb, save for the wind, which still swept through the forest, and the occasional patter of a few drops of rain.

"Don't go too far, lad," said Raymond, by way of caution, after Dave had climbed out on the rocks for the fourth time. "Those Injuns may be closer nor you think."

"I must find out what has become of Henry," was the half-desperate answer.

"Yes, yes, I know, but——"

"Do you think any of our party escaped to the boats?"

"It's not likely they would expose themselves, lad. If they tried to row away some of the redskins

would be sure to see 'em and send a shower of arrows after 'em."

"But it is dreadful to think Henry may be killed, or a prisoner!"

"I know that too, lad. Didn't I lose my brother Dan on the frontier only four years ago? I did my best to save him, too, but it was no use. I was taken prisoner, and they had just started to torture me when some of the Gordon Rangers came up and saved me. That was the fight in which they killed old Tom Granby and his son Jabez, and carried off Mrs. Williamson and little Ned Ford."

"Did the prisoners ever escape?"

"All but little Ned. He was carried westward, and they have never heard of him since," answered Raymond, with a sorry shake of his head.

A lump arose in David's throat and he found great difficulty in swallowing it. If Henry was dead how would he ever be able to send the news to Mrs. Morris and the others?

"It will 'most break Aunt Lucy's heart," he thought. "And Uncle Joe's heart too. With Rodney a cripple they all depended on Henry so much!"

Raymond was about to take a look around, when a curious sound from the rear of the cave-like opening caused both the backwoodsman and the young soldier to leap up in fresh alarm.

"What was that?" cried Dave, as he brought up his musket.

"Don't know," whispered Raymond. "Lay low! The Injuns may be coming on us another way."

Both crouched back into a niche of the wall and waited. Soon the noise was repeated, and they heard a scratching on the rocks at the back of the opening.

"Reckon I know what that is," said Raymond at length.

"What?"

"Bear's cubs."

"Do you really think so?" cried Dave. "If that is true, this must be a bear's den."

"More'n likely, lad, and if it is we had better get out."

"You think the old she bear will be back?"

"To be sure. She won't leave her cubs over night. She'd be back before this, only it's likely the shots made her timid."

"It's queer we didn't hear the cubs before."

"They have been asleep and just woke up. Hark!"

They listened and heard the scratching on the rocks again. It came closer, but when Raymond made a noise, it sounded fainter and fainter.

"They won't touch us, that's sure," said Dave. "But the old she bear——"

"Something is coming!" interrupted Raymond. "Reckon it's her!"

He was right—the mother of the cubs—a black bear of good size, was coming slowly along at the foot of the rocks. She sniffed the air and looked from side to side with keen suspicion.

"Hadn't we better get out without being seen?" whispered the young soldier. "If we kill her, the Indians will hear the shots."

"Yes, come on," replied Raymond.

Side by side they started to leave the entrance to the bear's den. But as they stepped out the old she bear uttered a whine, and the cubs in the cave gave answer. Then the mother bear saw the intruders in the semi-darkness and let out a growl of savage rage.

"She's going to fight!" cried Dave.

"She thinks we have hurt her cubs!" returned the backwoodsman.

Raymond was right, and before they could take a dozen steps up the rocks the black bear was leaping after them, snarling viciously and showing her long, white teeth.

"We'll have to shoot—or be chewed up!" gasped Dave, when the bear was less than fifty feet from him.

He had scarcely uttered the words when Ray-

mond's rifle rang out. But the aim of the backwoodsman was poor, and the bullet passed wide of the beast. The report stopped the bear but a second, then she came on as furiously as ever.

It was now Dave's turn to shoot, and he lost no time in blazing away. He was more fortunate, and the black beast was brought to another halt, this time with a bullet in her shoulder. But the fight was not yet knocked out of her, and she tried to limp over the rocks, uttering growl after growl.

"She won't give in," said Raymond, and both started to reload. While they were doing this the cubs, two in number, appeared at the entrance to the cave-like opening.

On catching sight of her offspring, the wounded bear paused once again. She evidently wished to pursue her enemies and at the same time she wished to make certain that her cubs were really unharmed. Slowly she limped back to her own.

"Now is our chance!" cried Dave, and over the rocks went the young soldier and the backwoodsman, scrambling along with all possible speed. The route was a rough one, and more than once they had their hands and faces scratched and their uniforms torn.

"Those shots will put the Indians on the watch," said Raymond, as they pushed along.

"Perhaps they will bring some of our friends to the vicinity," returned Dave. "If Henry—— Oh!"

Dave's speech ended in a cry of pain. He had slipped on the rocks and his left leg had received a severe wrench at the knee. He tried to rise and then fell back with a groan of agony.

"What's the matter, lad?"

"I've twisted my knee."

"Can't you get up?"

"I'll try it. Oh!"

Dave stood up on the limb that was uninjured and tried to take a step. But the pain was too great and he was forced to sit down on a rock.

"That's too bad, certainly," said Raymond sympathetically. "If you can't walk, I really don't know what we are to do."

"Perhaps you had better go on alone."

"No, I shan't leave you, Dave—it wouldn't be human."

"Yes, but—but we left Henry," said the young soldier bluntly.

"That was in the midst of a fight and a different thing altogether. If you can't walk, can you climb yonder tree, do you think?"

"Perhaps, with your help."

"Then let us both get up. The bear can't climb

with a wounded leg, and if she does I can give her a shot right in the head when she comes up," went on the backwoodsman.

He picked the youth up in his arms and walked over to the tree he had pointed out. The darkness of night had now settled down, and it was with difficulty that they made their way among the lower limbs. Dave wanted to shriek with pain, but gritted his teeth and kept silent.

It was a lonely and never-to-be-forgotten night. In an hour or two the wind went down and it began to rain steadily. Dave did not feel like stirring, and all he could do was to rub the cords of his limb that had become so sadly twisted. Raymond remained on guard, but neither the bear nor anything else came to disturb them.

At daybreak it was still raining, but the clouds showed signs of breaking away, and before nine o'clock the hot midsummer sun shone as brightly as ever.

"We are in a bad plight, no two ways about it," said the backwoodsman. "What is best to do I must say I don't know."

"I don't believe I can walk very far yet," answered Dave despondently. "My knee feels as stiff as if it was in a vise."

"Perhaps I had better scout around a little, leav-

ing you here. It is barely possible I may run across some of the others and find out what became of your cousin."

"Then go, by all means!" cried Dave. "You cannot do me a greater favor than to find Henry."

"But you must lay low, lad. The Injuns may be closer nor you think."

"I will keep quiet. But I'd like to have a drink before you go," answered the young soldier.

Some water was obtained, and he gulped it down eagerly, and bathed his sprained knee with what remained. Then cautioning him once more, Raymond left him, the backwoodsman setting off in the direction of the lake front.

If the night had seemed lonely, the time now was doubly so to Dave, who could do nothing but nurse his bruise and keep a lookout for a possible enemy. His thoughts traveled constantly to his cousin, and he wondered if Raymond would bring in any news of Henry.

"He ought to learn something," he told himself, over and over. "I am sure I could if I was in his place."

Nine o'clock came and then ten o'clock, and still the silence of the forest remained unbroken save for the occasional song of some distant bird, and the buzzing of bees around an adjacent bee-tree. The

nearness of this bee-tree put Dave in mind of that discovered by his uncle and himself while on their trip to Annapolis some years before. What great changes had occurred since that time!

"This war has been an awful thing, and I shall be glad when it is at an end," he thought. "But unless we win, there will be trouble with the Indians and the French for years and years to come."

It was almost noon when he heard a faint sound in the woods to the north of the tree. Instantly he caught up his musket, which had been resting in a crotch close at hand.

Slowly the sound came closer, and he could hear the labored breathing of some man or animal. He leaned as far down as possible to catch a glimpse of the newcomer.

"Shamer!" he murmured.

He called the soldier's name softly, and Shamer paused in wonderment.

"Who is calling me?" he panted.

"I am, Dave Morris, Shamer. I am up in the tree. Are you alone?"

"Yes, and I can hardly walk," groaned the soldier. "A bullet struck me in the calf of the leg. Any Indians around here?"

"I haven't seen any. My knee is hurt. Raymond was with me, but he has gone down to the shore to

take a look around. Do you know anything of my cousin Henry and the others?"

"Gilfoy is dead."

"Yes, Raymond said they had killed him. And the others?"

"The Indians captured both Silvers and Henry and carried them off," was Shamer's answer, which caused Dave's heart to sink like a lump of lead in his bosom.

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE HANDS OF FRIENDS

Shamer was completely exhausted, and reaching the trunk of the tree in which Dave was perched he threw himself down to rest and regain his breath. His uniform was much torn and covered with dirt and there were ugly scratches on his hands and face.

"I had a terrible time of it after we got separated," he said, after a pause. "Four redskins attacked me, and I had to knock over two of them before I could get away. Then I ran down to the shore, and got into another mix-up with an Indian and some Frenchmen, who had just come down the lake in a big flat-bottomed boat."

"Was that when you saw Henry and Silvers?"

"No, I didn't see them until two hours later, after the fight came to an end. I hid in the rocks down near the lake, and while I was there I saw the flat-bottomed boat again. There were six Indians in it

and two Frenchmen, besides Silvers and your cousin."

"Was Henry much hurt?"

"I can't tell you about that. Both he and Silvers were bound with ropes and crowded into the bow of the boat, and I couldn't get a very good look at them on account of the others. I might have given the Frenchmen and the redskins a shot or two, but I was afraid they would come ashore again and catch me, for I was too tired out to run. I went back into the woods, and early this morning I got into a fight with another Indian. But he was wounded, and I soon got the best of him," concluded the soldier.

"How was the flat-bottomed boat headed?" asked Dave, after another pause.

"The last I saw of it it was headed almost due north."

"Then the Frenchmen and the Indians were bound to Canada with their prisoners," groaned Dave.

"It looks like it, Morris."

A long spell of silence followed, Dave turning the situation over in his mind and Shamer dragging himself to the pool, to drink and to bathe his wounds.

It was some time after the noon hour when Raymond came back, skulking through the forest as silently as a shadow. On catching sight of Shamer

he raised his musket, but just as quickly lowered the weapon.

"So you escaped, eh?" said he. "I am glad to hear it. I saw poor Gilfoy's body, scalped, and I was afraid you and the others had shared the same fate."

He sat down and had the German-American soldier tell his story, as it had already been told to Dave.

"It's too bad," he declared. "And the worst of it is, we are not yet out of this trap. The most of the redskins are gone, and I saw no Frenchmen, but at least four Injuns are still on guard—two at the lake front and two down on a trail leading to Fort Oswego."

"That means that we are hemmed in," said Dave, who was leaning down from the tree branch listening.

"Yes, lad. How is the knee?"

"I am sorry to say it is just as bad as ever, if not worse."

Raymond climbed into the tree and inspected the injured limb, which was considerably swollen.

"It certainly does look bad," he said. "One thing is certain, you are not able to sneak through the woods now, and it's doubtful if you can do it after sundown."

"Well, I suppose I can't remain here forever," returned the young soldier, rather helplessly.

"We can help him along, after I get my wind back," put in Shamer, who had bound up the arrow wound he had received.

During his tour of inspection Raymond had been able to pick up a few stores, left near the shelter by the rocks, and he now offered both of his companions something to eat. Shamer partook readily of the food, but poor Dave was almost choked by it. The young soldier's thoughts were constantly with Henry. Would he ever see his cousin again?

Raymond noticed how downcast the lad was, and did his best to cheer him up.

"Don't take it so hard, Dave," he said kindly. "Remember, he isn't killed, and many a prisoner has escaped ere this. Besides, if they put him in prison, this war is bound to come to an end, sooner or later, and then he'll be set free."

"That may be true," returned the young soldier. "But you know as well as I do what the French prisons are like—the very worst holes on earth."

"That may be only evil report, my lad. True it is that some Frenchmen, even though they be our enemies, are as good-hearted as any Englishman ever dared to be."

"That is true," broke in Shamer. "A good man

is a good man, and a bad one is a bad one, no matter what his nationality. But I have no use for an Indian."

"Well, there are some good Indians," added Dave quickly. "White Buffalo, for instance. If he was here I am sure he would help us out of our trouble. But I can't get Henry out of my mind," he added, with a sigh.

Dave was glad enough to leave his cramped position in the tree and stretch himself at full length on a bed of dry leaves in the sunshine. So the balance of the day passed, with nothing coming to disturb them. Raymond half expected to see the old she bear, but she did not show herself, and he was content to let her remain with her cubs.

"How far is the trail to Fort Oswego from here?" asked the young soldier, when the darkness began to gather.

"Not over half a mile."

"I was thinking I might get that far on a pinch. But even if we got to the trail, what then?"

"I've got a plan," said Raymond. "I'll carry you on my back. We can take our time, and we are bound to reach Fort Oswego sooner or later."

"If we don't fall into some redskins' trap," put in Shamer.

"Well, I suppose we must take some chances,"

said Dave. "It is very kind to offer to carry me."

The start was begun a short while later, Shamer carrying the guns and what was left of the provisions, and Dave perched on Raymond's shoulders, for that was the manner in which the backwoodsman declared he could carry the load most comfortably.

It was a good hour before the trail to Fort Oswego was gained—a rough, narrow path, first used by the buffalo of upper New York State and then by the Indians and traders. They advanced with caution, Shamer leading the way with his musket held before him, ready to fight at the first sign of an enemy.

The night proved to be clear, with no moon, but with countless stars. Along the trail all was silent —even the night birds failing to utter their lonely notes.

After a rest the journey along the trail was begun, Shamer leading the way as before. The forest was thick on either side, and in many spots there were rough rocks to cross, which made Raymond puff and blow over his load. More than once Dave said he would get down and try to walk, but the backwoodsman would not allow it.

"I've brought in a big deer on my shoulders

more than once," he declared. "And you don't weigh any more."

By daylight ten or eleven miles had been covered, and all were glad to rest again, by the side of a brook flowing into the lake. The journey had been no easier for Dave than for the others, and more than once he had felt like crying out with pain when Raymond gripped his sore limb harder than usual.

"Ours has certainly been an ill-fated expedition," observed Raymond, as he munched a bit of biscuit, while the others did the same. "If we ever get out of it alive, it will be a sorry report we'll have to offer to the commander at Fort Oswego and to Sir William Johnson."

"I can't see how we are to be blamed," answered Dave. "We were attacked by a superior force and fought as well as we could."

"Sir William told us to keep to the lake," put in Shamer. "But of course we couldn't do that with such a wind."

It had been decided that it would be safest to rest during the day and travel at night. Accordingly Raymond and Shamer lay down for a nap of four hours, leaving Dave on guard.

The four hours were almost up, and the young soldier was beginning to feel sleepy himself, when

a noise in the forest on the other side of the brook caused him to start up.

"It must be either a man or a wild animal," he reasoned, and placed his finger on the trigger of his flint-lock musket, after satisfying himself that the priming was in good condition.

Slowly the noise came closer, and presently he heard two men talking in English.

"If they are English they must be friends," thought the young man joyfully, but still he continued on guard. He awakened Raymond and Shamer by a light touch.

"What is it?" came from Raymond.

"Two men are over yonder. I can hear them talking."

"Then we had better get out of sight until we are sure of who they are," put in Shamer.

Secreted in the bushes they waited until the two unknown ones came down to the edge of the brook. They were dressed in the garb of frontiersmen and each carried a rifle and a game-bag.

"Game is putty well scart off, Chester," said one. "The cap'n won't git much fresh meat from us," and he gave a droll laugh.

"That's about the size on it, Holden," was the reply. "Yet I reckoned on some b'ar bein' around here."

"I am sure they will be friends," whispered Dave. "They are probably from the fort."

Raymond nodded. Then he called aloud:

"Hullo, there, friends!"

The two frontiersmen started, and each raised his rifle.

"Who calls?" questioned the one named Chester.

"A lost soldier," answered Raymond, and presented himself to view. "I take it you are English," he added.

"We are. Where are you from?"

Raymond told them, and then Dave and Shamer also presented themselves. The two frontiersmen leaped the brook and listened to their story with keen interest.

"You've certainly had a tough fight of it," said the man named Holden. "I held all along thet them Frenchmen would be over here nosin' 'round, an' thet they'd bring some redskins with 'em."

"Are you from Fort Oswego?" asked Dave.

"We are. We are attached to Cap'n Neely's company o' rangers. We came out lookin' for a bit o' fresh meat. But now I reckon the best thing we can do is to help you to git to the fort, aint thet so?"

"If you will be so kind."

"Aint no kindness; it's jest plain duty," said Chester.

The frontiersmen felt certain that no more Indians were left in the vicinity. Yet they promised to keep a strict guard, and a little later our friends moved off once more in the direction of Fort Oswego, the frontiersman named Chester carrying Dave on his back for a mile or two and then being relieved by his companion, and later by Raymond.

Thus the march was kept up all of that day and also part of the next, and at two o'clock in the afternoon they came in sight of Fort Oswego, with the flag of old England floating proudly in the breeze above it.

CHAPTER IX

WHAT BEFELL HENRY

Let us now return to Henry, and see what happened to him during the time that Dave was making his escape to Fort Oswego.

As we already know, Henry had attacked one of the Indians with his hunting knife. In a moment more both were struggling on the ground, in a close embrace which was truly desperate.

Henry was strong for his age and during his life had been in more than one close encounter with both red men and wild animals. He felt that he was fighting for his life and he did not intend to give the Indian the slightest advantage.

The young soldier felt the red man's hand creeping toward his throat, but he caught the wrist and bent it backward, until the Indian had to squirm to one side to prevent that member from being broken. But then the Indian made another twist

and got his arm over Henry's neck, pressing him closer and closer.

There was but one way left in which to throw the Indian off, and this the young soldier used without delay. Drawing up his knee he set it against the enemy's chest and forced it forward, at the same time holding the red man across the back by one hand and by the leg with the other.

The awful pressure thus brought to bear was more than the Indian could stand. Fearful of having his ribs crushed in, he released Henry's throat. At once the youth threw up the leg he was holding and the red man went spinning over on his back.

By this time other Indians were at hand, and an arrow hit Henry in the fleshy part of the arm. Raising his hunting knife, he struck at one of the newcomers, piercing his shoulder. Then he made a leap up the rock and another to the bushes beyond, and with the swiftness of a wild animal disappeared into the forest.

The blood of the Indian who had been struck was now aroused, as was also the anger of the one who had been thrown down, and the pair made after the young soldier, followed by two other warriors.

Through the forest went pursued and pursuers,

until, having run in something of a semicircle, Henry came out on the lake front, at a spot some distance above where the two rowboats had been drawn up. Here he espied an Indian canoe, and, leaping in, began to paddle out into the lake with all speed.

The first intimation he had of the closeness of his enemies was when an arrow flew by the canoe, to land in the water beyond. Other arrows followed, and then came the report of a gun, but he remained untouched.

The Indians were now running along shore, and soon they came upon the two Frenchmen already mentioned in these pages. They belonged to the Canadian militia and their uniforms were such in name only. They had come to the south shore of the lake for information, having been promised a good reward by the Governor-General of Canada if they succeeded in bringing back news of importance.

Under the directions of the Frenchmen four of the Indians set off in one of the rowboats after Henry, who was still paddling westward with all the speed at his command. The red men were ordered to capture the young soldier alive if possible, but if not, to kill him.

It was not long before Henry discovered how

the pursuit had been renewed. He had now reached a good-sized inlet and was still some distance from the shore. He turned in with all speed, knowing that a fight of four to one on the water could only end in his defeat.

"If I only had my musket," he said, half aloud, but the firearm had been left on the ground at the camp, after the first hand-to-hand struggle.

The shore was almost reached, when the Indians set up a yell, and while two of them continued to row the other two rose up and fixed arrows in their bows.

"White soldier stop!" cried one, in bad English. "Stop, or be killed!"

"I reckon you'll kill me anyway," muttered Henry, and as the canoe grated on the shore, he dropped the paddle, caught up his hunting knife, and leaped to land.

It is barely possible that the youth might have escaped to the forest once more. But as he ran for the trees, two Indians suddenly appeared before him. One carried a stout stick, and without warning he struck Henry a heavy blow on the head. The young soldier uttered a moan, staggered from side to side, and then fell senseless.

In a moment more, and just as the Indian who had struck the blow was bending over the uncon-

scious youth to scalp him, the Indians in the row-boat came up.

"Rising Moon must stop," called one of the number. "He must not scalp the pale face." He spoke in his native tongue.

"Why does Falling Waters speak thus?" demanded the other. "It was Rising Moon's hand who laid the English soldier boy low."

"Rising Moon has earned the scalp," went on the first Indian. "But Falling Waters has orders to bring the soldier back alive."

At this Rising Moon's face took on a sour look.

"Who gave the order?"

"The Frenchman, Jacques Volnier. He is here with another. They seek news of importance from the English. We have sworn to stand by them, and we must obey," added Falling Waters.

A long and angry discussion arose, but in the end Falling Waters carried his point, and Henry was taken to a rendezvous which the Canadian Indians had once occupied on the south shore of Lake Ontario.

The fight had by this time terminated, and the Frenchmen and the Indians had come out on the lake in a flat-bottomed boat. With his arms bound behind him, Henry, who was just recovering from the blow he had received, was made to march down

to the boat. Here he found Silvers also a prisoner, and suffering from several arrow wounds.

"Hullo, are you a prisoner?" cried the leader of the expedition, when one of the Frenchmen arose and clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Ze prisonair must not talk now," he said, in broken English. "Ze prisonair can talk when we haf left ze shore."

"All right," muttered Silvers, and glad that the Frenchmen had compelled the Indians to spare his life, he relapsed into silence.

As for poor Henry, his head was in a whirl and ached as if ready to split open. More than this, he felt stiff and sore all over, and he sat in the bow of the boat only with the greatest of difficulty.

As Shamer had told Dave, the boat contained six Indians, besides the two Frenchmen and the prisoners, so it was heavily loaded. The red men were at the oars, and they rowed with a steadiness that showed they had had practice in this art as well as with a paddle. The boat shot forward with good speed, and soon the south shore of the lake became a dim, uncertain line in the distance.

"Now ze prisonairs can tell us who za air," said one of the Frenchmen, evidently the leader of the party.

"I am not ashamed of that," answered Silvers. "My name is Louis Silvers."

"Ah, Louis—zat ees a good name. And you?" went on the Frenchman, turning to the young soldier.

"I am Henry Morris."

"You belong to ze soldiers at Fort Oswego, not so?"

"We do not," answered Silvers.

"Zen where from you come?"

"We have been up at Fort Niagara."

"Ah, I see—you help at ze capture of zat place, eh?"

"Yes."

The Frenchman shook his head thoughtfully.

"Zat was von bad work—zat fight. I no haf been dair, but I hear, yes, I hear it all."

"Who are you?" asked Henry boldly.

"Me? Ah, I am not much, my bold little troopair, I am plain Jacques Volnier, a hunter and trappair."

"Then why have you captured us?" went on Henry curiously.

At this the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"Because—yes, because we want ze company," he answered, with a smile.

Henry frowned, and so did Silvers, and at this

both Frenchmen laughed at what they thought was a good joke. Then they talked to each other in their own tongue, leaving the prisoners to themselves.

"What do you think they will do with us?" asked Henry, in a low voice.

"Throw us into a French prison, more than likely," answered Silvers gloomily.

"What did you do with Sir William's message?"

"Hush! I threw it overboard," said the other, in a still lower voice.

The strong sun was now beginning to tell upon Henry, and he said no more. He wanted to keep his senses, but presently all seemed to fade from him. He felt himself pitch into Silver's arms, and then he knew no more for the time being.

"Poor lad," murmured Silvers.

"What is ze mattair?" demanded Jacques Volnier.

"He has fainted. Won't you untie me so that I can do something for him?"

"*Oui, oui!*" was the answer, and in a moment more Silvers was free. He untied Henry and bathed his forehead, and presently the young soldier opened his eyes. But it was not until long after sundown that Henry felt anything like himself again, and even then he was almost too weak to stand.

The two prisoners wondered where they were being taken, but could get nothing from either the Frenchmen or the Indians. The rowboat was headed to the northeast, and this showed that the general direction was for the mouth of the St. Lawrence. On and on swept the craft, through the dismal night and still on when the morning came.

"They are going quite a distance," said Henry, after he had swallowed a piece of bread that had been given to him. "Can it be that they mean to move right down the river?"

"It is possible," answered Silvers. "Montreal, you know, is not so very far away."

At last the boat turned to the eastward, and that evening a landing was made near what is to-day Wolfe Island. There had been a small settlement here, but this was abandoned, the inhabitants having withdrawn to a fort on the mainland.

At the island the Indians left the party and some other Frenchmen appeared, one owning a fair-sized sloop, which boasted a small swivel gun. The prisoners were made to board the sloop, and now their hands were chained behind them. The sloop had a small cuddy and into this they were forced, the door being closed and locked after them.

"We are in a pickle now surely!" groaned

Henry. "I believe they are going to take us down the river."

It was not until late at night when the anchor was hoisted and the sails of the sloop were set. Then the craft slipped by the island, and past Fort Frontenac, and stood boldly down the stream in the direction of the Thousand Islands.

CHAPTER X

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY

THE night passed slowly to the two prisoners confined in the narrow space of the sloop's cuddy. No one came to speak to them, and as hour after hour went by first one and then the other dropped off to sleep.

When Henry awoke it was broad daylight, and the sloop was bounding along at a rapid rate of speed. Through the one narrow window of the cuddy he saw that they were passing a shore filled with waving grass and dotted here and there with low trees.

"We are going down the St. Lawrence, that is certain. But to where?"

In vain he asked the question of himself, and then of Silvers. The sharpshooter merely shrugged his shoulders.

"I know nothing of these parts, lad," he said. "We must take what comes."

At noon they received a scanty meal and a drink of lukewarm water. A sailor served this, and as he could talk French only they learned nothing from him.

It was nightfall when the sloop's trip came to an end. Cramped and stiff, the prisoners were made to march ashore, to where was located an old convent, now fallen mostly to decay. Some soldiers were quartered here, and the prisoners were turned over to a guard and promptly put into what had once been the cell of a monk.

"Worse and worse," said Henry. "What do you think will happen next?"

Again Silvers shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know, lad, unless they march us out to be shot."

"Would they do that? They did not catch us in French territory."

"As we are in their power they can do with us as they please."

Early in the morning the pair were aroused by the roll of a drum. Some of the soldiers were getting ready to march away, and the prisoners were told that they were to march with them.

"To where?" asked Henry.

"To Montreal, and perhaps to Quebec," said the officer addressed, who could speak excellent English.

Henry wanted to ask more questions, but the officer had no time to listen to him.

By eight o'clock the soldiers were on the march, with the two prisoners in their midst. The way was along the river trail, past many pretty farms and handsome French estates, many of which, however, were now abandoned. At one point in the road they came upon several ladies on horseback, who stared in wonder at the prisoners.

"They seem to think we are wild beasts," laughed Silvers. He bowed politely, but the ladies turned and rode away.

It will be unnecessary to go into the details of the weary march that followed the tramp along the river trail. For four days the prisoners were kept on the road. Montreal was passed, with only a far-away glimpse of its large cathedral and its seminary, and then the course was almost straight for Quebec.

So far the prisoners had been treated fairly well, but now came a change in the command; and they were given food that was hardly fit to eat.

"We can't stand this very long," was Henry's comment, as he threw away a moldy crust that it was impossible to swallow. "I'd choke on such stuff."

The officer in charge of them saw the crust thrown away, and came up shaking his fist at them.

"Zat ees ze best you vill git," he cried. "Of you no eat zat, you starve!"

"All right, we'll starve then," replied Henry recklessly.

"Bah! you think you are ze brave boy, eh? Ze English za be all grand cowards!" And the Frenchman went off in disgust.

"He's a cheerful dog," muttered Silvers.

The next day the fare was even worse, and both of the prisoners were on the point of open rebellion. At night the French officer brought in an aged Englishman to talk to them. The Englishman was a Canadian settler.

"They are bound to make you talk," said the Englishman. "If you will tell all you know they will treat you better."

"Tell what?" asked Silvers.

"Tell all the plans of the English soldiers."

"But we know very little," put in Henry.

"The French captain thinks you know a great deal. He says the man who captured you, Jacques Volnier, is certain one of you is a noted spy."

"He must mean me," said Silvers. "If so, he is much mistaken. I am nothing but a plain soldier."

"And so am I," added Henry.

"I am willing to believe that, for your faces are

honest ones," said the old Englishman. "But you know how suspicious these Frenchmen are."

"How come you here?" asked Henry.

"It is a long story. Years ago I married a young lady whose parents lived not far from Quebec. When they died, they left her the farm and all its fine buildings. We moved to this place and have been here ever since. I am seventy-three years old, and so far I have refused to take either side in this struggle."

"Did they send you here to bribe us?"

The old man drew himself up.

"They could not do that. They asked me to talk to you, that is all. I am afraid if you will tell them nothing it will go hard with you."

"We cannot tell what we do not know," said Silvers.

"That is true."

The old man asked them their names, and in return said his name was Peter Merton. He said he had a son, who had left home at the beginning of the war, and what had become of his offspring he did not know.

"I have an idea he joined the English army," he said. "If so, I sincerely trust that no harm comes to him."

The old Englishman remained with them for the best part of an hour. He told them that the camp was located not far from the north bank of the St. Lawrence, a few miles above Quebec.

"I cannot tell you what General Wolfe is now doing," he said. "We get very little news."

"I heard some cannon firing last night," said Henry.

"Oh, yes, we get plenty of that. But very little damage is done. I do not believe that General Wolfe really means to demolish Quebec." And in this surmise the old man was correct.

When the old man was leaving, he shook hands with them. As he did this he pressed into the hand of each a piece of gold money.

"You may find it useful," he whispered. And before they could protest he was gone.

"He is certainly a good-hearted fellow," said Henry.

"He might have helped us to escape," said Silvers, as he slipped the gold piece in his pocket.

"No, I think he was too old for that," returned Henry, and then glancing on the ground he uttered a low cry, for there lay a small and exceedingly sharp dagger.

"He dropped that, and most likely on purpose," exclaimed the sharpshooter. "I'll keep it, for it

may come in handy," and he placed the dagger in his bosom.

Henry and Silvers had been confined for the night in an old house. Two sleepy French soldiers were on guard. As one of them came in to see that they were up to no mischief Silvers motioned to him.

"Do you talk English?" he asked.

"Verra little," answered the soldier, who was of the peasantry and exceedingly stupid.

"We are hungry, and want something to eat and to drink," went on Silvers, and pointed to his mouth.

At this the soldier shrugged his shoulders.

"We will pay for whatever you get us," went on the sharpshooter, showing the gold coin. "You buy us something, and keep half the money."

The eyes of the peasant opened widely at sight of the gold coin, the like of which he had not seen for months, for his pay as a soldier was but a few francs per week.

"I no—you——" he stammered.

For reply Silvers made a motion as to cut the coin in half. Then he pointed to the soldier's pocket and then to his own mouth and to Henry's mouth. The peasant comprehended and a dull smile overspread his features. He went out to consult the other soldier on guard.

A few minutes later the fellow came back and took the gold coin. Then, regardless of army regulations, he left his gun with his companion and stole away in the darkness.

"He has gone for the food," whispered Silvers to Henry. "Now the question is, shall we wait for him to get back, or make a dash for liberty?"

"Let us try for liberty," exclaimed the young soldier eagerly. "If we can only get away, I am sure we can find something to eat somewhere."

"I have a plan," said the sharpshooter. "Do you see yonder chimney?"

"Of course."

"We might pretend to run away and hide in that. Then, when the soldiers disperse to hunt for us, we can cut sticks and off."

This plan was agreed to, and having examined the chimney and found out how they could secrete themselves inside, they both peeped out at the single guard, who was walking up and down, humming to himself.

"Now!" cried Silvers, and they made a racket as if climbing through a side window, letting the sash fall with a crash. Then both ran to the chimney and hid with all possible speed.

The guard gave a cry in French and came running

up. One glance showed him the empty room and his eyes strayed to the window.

"Gone!" he muttered, in his native tongue. "And through yonder window! Oh, the artful rascals! But I shall catch them, or shoot them down!"

He made off, and they heard him start to give the alarm. But then he thought of his companion and the gold piece. If the commanding officer heard of how the one guard had gone off there would be trouble ahead for both. He ran around wildly, at length taking a road leading to the river bank.

"Now is our chance," said Henry, and dropped out of the chimney, covered with soot and as black as a negro. Rushing outside, he caught up the gun belonging to the guard who had gone for the food. As he did this Silvers drew the dagger he had picked up, and thus armed the pair started for the nearest patch of woodland, several hundred feet away.

But the alarm was now general, in spite of the guard's effort to keep the affair quiet, and they heard calls from several directions.

"If we get away it's going to be a tight squeeze," said Silvers.

"We must get away," cried Henry. "Come on," and he set off at a faster pace than ever.

CHAPTER XI

ABOARD THE FIRE-BOAT

THE edge of the woods was gained when a shot rang out, but whether directed at Henry or the sharpshooter neither could tell.

"They will be after us hot-footed in another minute," said the young soldier. "How shall we turn?"

"It will be folly to turn to the river just yet," answered Silvers. "They will be sure to hunt for us there. Let us hide in the opposite direction until the alarm is over."

As the pair passed into the wood they saw a man coming along a well-beaten path. He carried a bundle under one arm and two bottles under the other. As he came closer they recognized the soldier who had taken the gold piece. He had brought food and some wine from a chateau not far away, where he was well known. He started to yell, but Silvers stopped him.

"Silence!" he cried. "Silence, if you value your life."

But the peasant was too frightened to listen, and yelling loudly he dropped his bundle and bottles and ran for the soldiers' camp as swiftly as his slim legs would carry him.

"This may come useful," said Henry, as he picked up the bundle, which was done up in a bit of white cloth.

"Ditto one of these," added Silvers, and slipped a bottle of wine into his coat pocket.

The wood passed they came in sight of the chateau, a pretty place, built of stone, covered with ivy, and set in a park of shrubbery. Back of the chateau were a barn and several other outbuildings.

A light was burning in an upper room of the chateau, but otherwise the entire place was dark.

"Let us make for the barns," whispered Silvers. "They ought to afford some sort of a hiding place."

Henry was willing, and in a trice they had leaped the fence fronting a road and were running to the nearest of the outbuildings, which loomed up vaguely in the darkness. The shelter of the structure gained, they found an open door and ran inside.

The barn was divided into two parts, one for the horses, of which there were four, and the other for

hay and grain. Back of the barn were a cow-shed and a milk house.

"Shall we get into the hay?" whispered Henry. They could already hear the pursuers on the roadway.

"They will be sure to search that," answered Silvers. "Wait a second."

The sharpshooter bent down and tried several of the boards of the floor. As he had hoped, one was loose, and beneath was an opening of no mean size.

"Just the thing. In you go," he went on, and Henry dropped down, followed by his companion, and the board was lowered into place over them.

It was a damp, foul-smelling hole, but to this they did not just then pay attention. With bated breath they strained their ears to catch some sound of those who were after them.

It was good five minutes before anybody came into the place, to tramp loudly directly over their heads. There were four or five soldiers, and the two in hiding heard them move among the horses and through the grain room and the hay mow. The soldiers spoke in French, so neither Henry nor Silvers knew what was said.

Following the examination of the barn, the soldiers looked over the other buildings, and even into the water vat of the milk house. Then they went

outside and looked around the trees in the chateau park, and among the bushes.

"They must have gone further," said the corporal in charge, in French. "They were afraid to stay here."

"Unless we catch them it will go hard with Gaston and Pasmont," said another. "The captain said they must keep a good watch over the sly rascals."

After the French soldiers had gone the barn became as silent as a tomb.

"What an escape!" whispered Henry half joyously.

"Hush, lad," warned Silvers. "We are not yet out of the woods."

For half an hour they remained under the flooring of the barn, and then, unable to endure the smell any longer, they left the hole and moved up into the hay mow, now half filled with the summer crop.

Henry had brought the food in the cloth with him, and, being hungry, both proceeded to make a meal in the hay, Silvers drinking from the bottle of wine and the young soldier procuring some water from the milk house.

"What shall be our next move?" asked Henry, feeling that the sharpshooter was the leader.

"Better stay here until to-morrow night," answered Silvers.

"As long as that!"

"Why not? It's more comfortable here than in prison, and by to-morrow night the excitement will have blown over and we'll have a much better chance to get away than we'll have now."

Henry could not help but see the force of this argument. Yet to wait twenty-four hours under such circumstances appeared to be a never-ending period of time.

Slowly the balance of the night wore away and day came on. A farmhand came to feed the horses and hitch one to a cart, and a maid came out to milk three cows, but otherwise they did not see or hear a soul. As she worked around the milk house the maid sang a gay song in French, as if no such thing as a war existed.

"It takes a French girl to do that," observed Silvers. "No English girl could sing so happily with danger at the very door of the home."

"The French are a gay people," answered Henry. "But, just the same, they can fight when they want to."

At last the sun went down and night came on. They had eaten the last of the food brought along, and Silvers had long since finished his bottle of wine. It was somewhat cloudy, which promised to be in their favor.

"Now we'll see what fate has in store for us," said Silvers, after a long look around the outbuildings. "Shall I carry the musket, or will you?"

"As you are the best shot, you had better take it," answered Henry.

"Then I'll give you the knife," went on the sharpshooter, and passed over the dagger.

The gun was in the same condition as when taken from the prison, and they had taken care to preserve the powder for priming.

They left the barn by a back door and lost no time in crossing a turnip and onion lot to a row of berry bushes skirting a ditch. Once at the ditch, they crawled along until they gained the shelter of the woods.

"Now we can make for the river," said Silvers. "But how we are to get across remains a problem still to solve."

"Perhaps we can find a canoe or a rowboat. Or, on a pinch, we can build a raft."

"Not so easy, lad, without tools."

The woods were thick with underbrush, and it was no mean task to push a way through. Soon, however, they came to a well-beaten path, and along this they moved faster, Silvers in the lead, and both with eyes and ears strained to the utmost, for a possible sign of an enemy.

"There is a building ahead," said the sharpshooter, after a quarter of a mile had been covered.

It proved to be a fair-sized summer house, standing on a rocky cliff. Beyond was a series of rough stone steps, leading to the river bank, far below. At the shore was a rude dock, and here rested a long, strange-looking object, half boat and half raft, piled high with some straw and several barrels of pitch.

"Some kind of a craft," murmured Henry, as he looked forward in the uncertain light.

"Be quiet, there may be soldiers on guard here," whispered Silvers in return.

Making certain that they were not observed, the pair stole down the rough steps. They were almost at the bottom when a loose stone turned under Silver's foot and went crashing downward.

The crash of the falling stone was followed by a cry from a sentry stationed on the cliff. The cry was answered by another sentry, and soon several forms appeared.

"We must hide!" cried Henry, and ran away from the steps.

"To the boat!" answered Silvers, and ran for the rude craft.

The young soldier followed, and just as they gained the boat a shot rang out. Then two soldiers came rushing down the rough steps.

"That will keep you back," muttered the sharpshooter, and fired the musket. One of the soldiers was hit in the breast and fell, and the other lost no time in seeking cover.

Once on board of the boat, the pair untied the line which held it to the rude dock. Poles were handy and they pushed off into the stream. Then each took a paddle and did what he could to move the craft to the south shore of the St. Lawrence.

"She's a clumsy one, lad," observed Silvers, as they pushed the craft around only with the greatest of difficulty.

"I never saw such a boat before," answered Henry.

"It's a fire-boat, that's what it is. The straw and pitch will make a red-hot fire."

"A fire-boat? What for?"

"To send out among the shipping. Most likely the French thought to burn some of General Wolfe's ships with it."

"I see. Hadn't we better dump the straw and the barrels overboard? She will move quicker with no load."

"No time now, lad. Pull, and pull for all you are worth, if you want to get away."

Both did their best, and as they worked they

heard a dozen or more of their enemies running up and down the river bank.

"They are looking for another boat," said Silvers. "I trust to luck they find none."

Suddenly they heard the cry of a number of Indians, who had joined the French sentries. Then came several shots, one striking a barrel of pitch and causing the stuff to overflow upon the straw.

"Keep out of range, lad," cried Silvers.

"Yes, and you do the same," panted the young soldier. He was working with might and main to move the fire-boat further from the shore. "Do you see anything of another boat?"

"Not yet. But it can't be that there are none somewhere about," went on the sharpshooter.

Presently they beheld what looked like several torches flashing through the night. They were a dozen or more feet apart.

"By Joseph! but I don't like that!" cried Silvers.

"Don't like what?" queried Henry.

Scarcely had he spoken when he understood what the sharpshooter meant. There was a whizzing, and the flaming arrows—for they were nothing less—flew all around the fire-boat. One touched the straw, but Silvers caught it instantly and hurled it into the water.

"They mean to fire the boat!" gasped Henry. "If one of them plants itself in that pitch——"

He got no further, for at that moment came another flight of the flaming arrows, seven or eight in number. Four fell on the boat, one in the very spot where the pitch had overflowed upon the straw.

The pair on the craft did their best to put out the flames, and two of the arrows went overboard the instant they landed. But the others could not be removed, and in two seconds more there was a flash and a roar, and the fire-boat burst into flames from end to end!

CHAPTER XII

GENERAL WOLFE'S CAMP

"We can't put out this fire!"

"We must jump for our lives!"

Such were the exclamations which burst simultaneously from the lips of Henry and the sharpshooter, as the flames shot skyward from the fire-boat.

Both leaped to the stern of the craft, where there was a plank extending over the water a distance of a few feet.

"Let us haul the board overboard," cried Silvers. "That will give us something to rest on."

This advice was followed with difficulty. But at last the plank went down with a splash and the two escaping prisoners went with it.

They were none too soon. The fire-boat now blazed up with increasing fury, and Henry's coat was in a flame in two places. But the souse in the

river saved the young soldier from more than a scorching.

"Whi—which way now?" he sputtered as he came up and caught hold of one end of the plank, while Silvers grasped the other end.

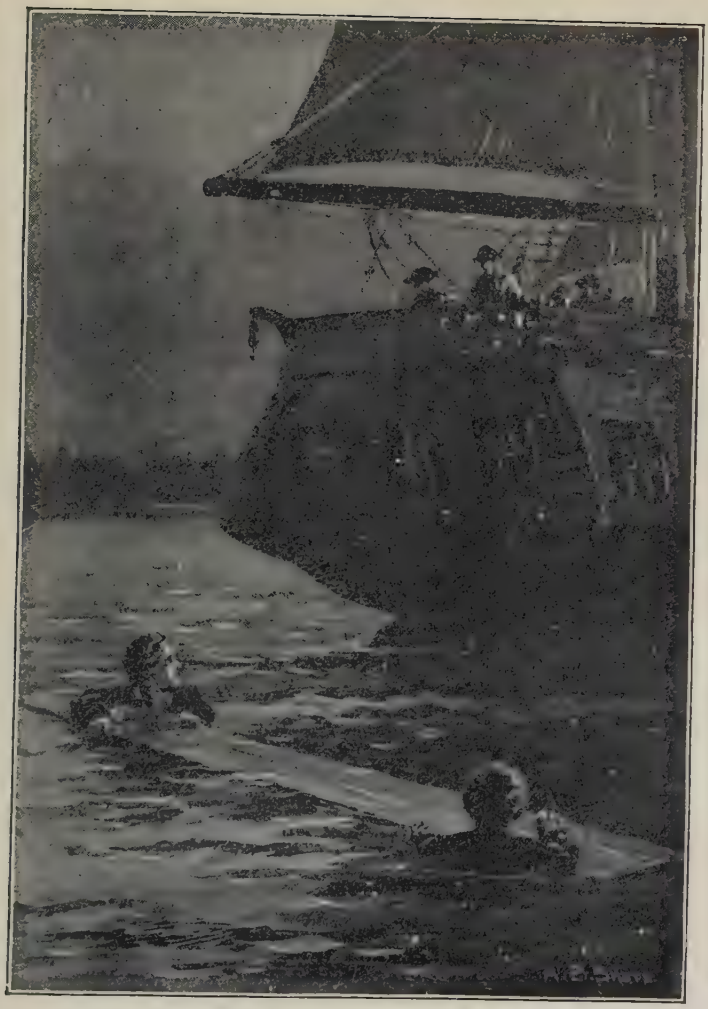
"Let us see if we can't make the opposite shore. It's our only chance."

"The night won't help us much, now the fire-boat is ablaze," said Henry. For the conflagration cast a ruddy glare all around them.

The fire-boat had been located a short distance below Sillery Cove, where the St. Lawrence was a little over a mile wide. The tide, which had been high in the afternoon, was running out rapidly, and this carried both the fire-boat and the plank along with it. Thus the Indians who had shot the flaming arrows and the French soldiers who had given the alarm were soon left far behind.

Both Henry and Silvers tried to guide the plank towards the south bank of the river, but in this they were only partly successful. Yet it was a great satisfaction to both to see that they were getting further and further away from the shore of the enemy.

"If we are not careful we will be washed right out to sea," said Henry, after a long spell of silence, in which they gazed back in the semi-darkness, to see if they were being pursued.



A short distance away was a broad-sterned brig. — *Page 109.*

"We are still a long distance from the ocean, lad," responded Silvers.

"Are we close to Quebec?"

"A mile or two above it, I think."

Another spell of silence followed, and then Henry let out a faint shout.

"A ship! We are drifting directly upon a ship!"

His words proved true. But a short distance away was a broad-sterned brig, standing slowly down the stream.

"If it's a French craft we are lost," whispered Silvers.

In a minute more the plank bumped up against the side of the brig, and they could see half a dozen sailors at the rail.

"Hullo there!" cried a rough English voice. "Keelhaul me, if there are not two soldiers on a board!"

"Frenchmen! spies!" put in another voice.

"No! no! we are not spies!" called back Silvers joyfully. "We are prisoners escaped from the French."

"Harken to that, mate. Escaped prisoners! In that case we must help 'em aboard."

It was not long before a rope was thrown overboard, and with great difficulty Henry and Silvers climbed to the main deck of the ship, where they

were immediately surrounded by the captain and several other officers.

"Who are you?" demanded the captain sharply.

"Royal Americans, sir," responded Silvers, touching his forelock, while Henry did the same. "We were captured by the French and Indians about a week ago and made our escape last night."

"If you are Royal Americans where do you belong? Certainly not in General Wolfe's camp."

"We belong to the army that was under General Prideaux. But he is dead, and Sir William Johnson took command."

"Prideaux—at Fort Niagara? That is a long distance from here."

"We were on our way to Oswego when we were taken. The French brought us across the lake, and then marched us down the river road to a prison near Sillery Cove."

The captain of the brig listened to their tale with much interest.

"If you have been among the French you ought to be able to tell General Wolfe something worth listening to," he said, when they had finished. "Some of the men on board are bound for his camp, and you may go along if you wish."

"Where is his camp?" asked Henry.

"On the upper bank of this river, just below the Falls of Montmorenci. The general has been sick, but I heard this morning that he is now somewhat better."

"May I ask if you have been in a fight with the French?" came from the young soldier curiously.

"Hardly a fight. We have been ordered to stand up and down the river with the tide. This has kept the enemy on the move, watching not only this brig, but also a number of other ships, and is gradually wearing the French soldiers out. Did you hear anything of their colonists deserting?"

"I did," cried Henry. "Two men who were on guard said that a hundred man had left in one day, so he had heard. I didn't get any particulars."

"Montcalm will find that this campaign is not yet over," responded the captain of the brig grimly. "He thinks Quebec cannot be taken, but Wolfe will teach him a trick or two ere we hoist anchor for England."

It was an hour later when the brig dropped anchor in the stream, midway between the Island of Orleans and the northwest shore of the St. Lawrence. Not a battery from Quebec had fired on the ship, and the English batteries on the southeast shore were also silent.

"It is my duty to send you over to General

Wolfe's camp under guard," said the captain of the brig. "I do not doubt but that you are to be trusted, but duty is duty, you know."

"We'll not complain," answered Silvers.

A boat was soon lowered and the sharpshooter and Henry entered this, followed by a coxswain and his crew, and two army officers, who had been on the trip of the brig. This boat was followed by a second and a third, and then all three headed for the shore below the Falls of Montmorenci.

It did not take long to reach the mud flats below the rocks fronting the river bank. Here the party was challenged by the grenadier guards, but quickly passed, and Henry and Silvers were marched up the bank by a rough trail.

Both the young soldier and the sharpshooter were thoroughly worn out by the trials they had endured, and having received some food on the brig, and dried their clothing, they did not remain awake long after having been assigned quarters.

It was Henry who was the first to stir in the morning. The roll call of the long drums aroused him, and gazing out on something of a parade ground he saw the grenadiers forming to answer to their names.

"This looks natural," he observed to his companion, who arose lazily and stretched himself. "I

must say these soldiers of General Wolfe look as if they meant business."

It was not long after this that a guard came in and told them to prepare for an interview with General Wolfe. They at once brushed up as best they could, and the guard supplied them with caps, to replace those which had been lost.

General Wolfe's headquarters were in a house some distance back from the Falls of Montmorenci. The general had been taken seriously ill about the middle of August and was now slowly recovering.

At the time of this campaign, which was to make him famous in the world's history, General James Wolfe was but thirty-two years of age. He was tall and slender, with sloping shoulders and with a face that showed more of quietness than determination. But his eyes were bright and under certain circumstances could flash forth a hidden fire that meant much. His hair was red, and worn in a cue, as was the fashion at that time.

James Wolfe came of fighting stock, his father, Major-General Edward Wolfe, being a distinguished officer before him. The son entered the King's army at the age of fifteen, and one year later served in Flanders as the adjutant of a regiment. From Flanders he went to Scotland, to fight gallantly at Culloden, and then at Stirling, Perth, and Glasgow.

At twenty-three he was a lieutenant-colonel, holding that rank for five years, when he obtained leave of absence and spent a long vacation in Paris.

With the breaking out of the war with France Wolfe was again in his element. He sailed on the expedition against Louisberg, where he served with great honor to himself. Because of this service he was chosen by Pitt to command the expedition against Quebec. He sailed on the 17th of February, his fleet consisting of twenty-two ships of the line, and also numerous frigates, transports, and other craft. We have already seen how he landed on the Island of Orleans and at other points, and how he tried to break in upon the almost impregnable French position at the Falls of Montmorenci.

Henry had heard much about General Wolfe and of what a sturdy and well-trained army officer he was, and the young soldier was rather surprised to find himself ushered into the presence of one who looked so young and mild. Wolfe's sickness had left him pale and weak, yet he soon showed that he had all his old-time determination to win still in him.

"You may tell me your story, but be brief," he said, to Henry, who had been brought in first, and then settled back in his chair to listen. He did not

interrupt the recital, but when the young soldier had finished he asked a number of questions, all of which Henry answered as clearly as he could.

"You have certainly had your share of adventures," said General Wolfe. "I imagine you did not expect to find yourself here when you started out for Oswego."

"That is true, sir," answered Henry.

"And you wish to get back at once? That will be rather difficult, I am afraid."

"I do not care so much about getting back, sir. But I should like to know what has become of my cousin, David Morris, and the others."

"You had better rest for a few days, and then I will have one of my aids see what can be done for you."

"Thank you, general," said Henry, and with a salute he withdrew.

The interview accorded to Silvers was similar to the foregoing, excepting that the sharpshooter was questioned in regard to such French defenses as he had seen along the river front. Then both were told that they were no longer under guard, and could come and go, within the limits of the camp, as they pleased.

CHAPTER XIII

SCALING THE HEIGHTS OF QUEBEC

Both Henry and Silvers were much interested in the inspection of the camp General Wolfe had established near the Falls of Montmorenci and along the St. Lawrence River.

The falls at this point were a grand sight, tumbling over the rough rocks that lined the gorge with a thunder which to the young soldier seemed a second Niagara. Below the falls was a stretch of smooth water, and here was a succession of shoals, dry, or nearly so, during low tide.

The French camp was within sight between the trees, and it is said that the English and French guards occasionallly spoke to each other further up the small stream, where the noise was not so loud. But men as well as officers had to be careful, for each army had its sharpshooters posted, ready to bring down any enemy who showed himself.

During the time spent near the falls General

Wolfe had not been idle. He had tried his best to draw General Montcalm from his secure position by making moves up and down the St. Lawrence and by sending detachments hither and thither, to attack and destroy various villages, towns, and isolated chateaux and farmhouses. All were given over to the flames, and night after night the sky was lit up by the conflagrations.

All of these deeds made the Marquis de Montcalm very angry, but he was too wily a general to be drawn into any trap. "Wolfe cannot dislodge me," he said. "And soon his supplies will give out, winter will be on him, and he and his fleet will have to sail for home."

His remarks were not mere guesswork. From various sources he learned that the English supplies were running low, and that many of the British soldiers were sick. Those on the fleet were growing tired of drifting up and down the river, and the admiral in charge knew that winter came early around Quebec.

"Something will have to be done between now and the first of October," said the admiral. "To remain in these waters after that would be a hardship."

"Something shall be done," said General Wolfe, and, still weak from his spell of sickness, he be-

gan to lay new plans to force Montcalm into a battle.

Several days slipped by, and Henry was glad enough to take the rest thus afforded. On the fourth day a messenger appeared bringing in news from Fort Oswego.

"Hurrah!" shouted Henry, as he ran up to where Silvers sat smoking on a rock. "Dave is safe, and so are Shamer and Raymond. Oh, how glad I am!"

"That is good news!" returned the sharpshooter. "Wonder how they managed to escape?"

"The messenger didn't know the full particulars. He says each was hurt a little, but not of any account. I can tell you, I feel much relieved."

"I don't doubt it, Henry. I know you think a good deal of your cousin."

"And why shouldn't I? We have been playmates for years, and we have hunted and fished and fought together for ever so long, too. Dave is as close as a brother to me."

"Well, now you know he is safe, I reckon you won't be so anxious to get to Fort Oswego as you was."

"No, I am going to send word to him that I am here, and then stay a while."

"So am I going to stay," went on Silvers. "I

feel it in my bones that there will be a big fight here before this campaign closes."

General Wolfe had under him three brigadiers, Murray, Monckton, and Townshend. He now called them to him for consultation and submitted several propositions. A debate lasting a long time followed, and at last it was decided to attack the French at a point some distance above the city of Quebec. By doing this, Montcalm would be cut off from his base of supplies and compelled to either fight or surrender.

The task which General Wolfe had set for himself and his men was an exceedingly difficult one. As already mentioned, the river was fronted by a high wall of rocks, and to scale these seemed next to impossible. Besides, the French were on constant guard, and would be sure to sound the alarm quickly and pour a hot fire into the advancing British.

In order to carry out the plan decided upon General Wolfe had first to abandon the camp at the falls. He knew the French would harass him as much as possible, and so sent Monckton from Point Levi with a number of soldiers, under pretense of attacking Beauport, midway between the falls and the city. Montcalm looked on this with new alarm and sent his troops in that direction; and Wolfe withdrew without further trouble.

Henry and Silvers were with the soldiers who

abandoned the Montmorenci and soon found themselves at Point Levi, where they joined a handful of other Colonial English mixed in with the Royal Grenadiers. This was early in September, and a few days later the troops were transferred to the ships under Admiral Holmes, and here General Wolfe joined the expedition.

To the French it looked as if the English were going to give up the campaign, and Wolfe and his officers, as well as the admirals of the squadrons, did all in their power to make the deception more real. Cannon were taken up and placed aboard the vessels in the most open manner, and soldiers were made to pack away the camp outfits as if getting ready for a long voyage. "The English are going to sail!" cried the people of Quebec and vicinity, and their hopes arose, to think that they would at last be free from the grim terror which had hung over them so long.

But Wolfe was not yet ready to force the attack. The plan of action was still in the rough. There was a high stone bluff, or cliff, to scale, and how to do it in comparative safety was a delicate problem to solve. The general listened patiently to what several who were acquainted with the locality had to say, and then surveyed the north shore with a telescope. Near what was then Anse du Foulon, and

now called Wolfe's Cove, he discovered a narrow path running between rocks and bushes from the water's edge to the top of the bluff.

"That is our course," he said, quietly but firmly. On the bluff at this point were but a dozen soldiers' tents, so he concluded that the French guard there could not be a heavy one.

But to have given the French an inkling of what was in his mind would have ruined everything, so once again Wolfe set to work to fool the enemy. His ships sailed still further up the river, as if looking for a landing, and the French batteries opened with vigor, but without doing any harm.

A heavy downpour of rain now made further operations impossible for two days. It was a cold, raw storm, and the soldiers in the transports could not stand it, and had to be landed once more on the south shore, where they built camp-fires, sought such shelters as were handy, and did what they could to make themselves comfortable. The weather was very trying on General Wolfe, but he refused to take again to his bed, declaring that he was now going to see the campaign to a finish.

On the 12th of September all seemed in readiness for the attack. The French soldiers were worn out through following the passage of the English ships up and down the river, while the stay on the

south shore had rested the grenadiers and others in the English ranks.

For the daring expedition Wolfe selected forty-eight hundred men. He knew that the enemy must be at least twice as strong, and to engage Montcalm's attention once again in a different direction, he had Admiral Saunders make a move as if to land at Beauport. This deception was carried on in grand style, with signals flashing from ship to ship, cannons roaring, and boatload after boatload of sailors and marines putting off as if to dash upon the mud flats. In great haste Montcalm massed his men at the Beauport batteries, satisfied at last that this was to be the real point of attack, while the movement up the river was only a blind.

Fortune now seemed to be at last in Wolfe's favor. He was ten miles away from the din at Beauport, with nearly five thousand of his soldiers, and creeping upon the north shore of the river with the silence of a shadow. There was no moon, but otherwise the night was clear. Wolfe occupied a place in one of the foremost boats. Behind him came a long procession, containing the Highlanders and grenadiers and also a handful of Colonials, including Henry and Silvers, who had been armed, and who were just as anxious to aid in the taking of Quebec as anybody.

Once or twice from out of the darkness came a challenge.

"Who comes?" was the question, put in French.

"France!" was the answer, of one who could speak the language well.

"What boats are those?"

"The provision boats. Hush, or the English will hear. They are not far away."

The sentry knew that some provision boats were expected along that night, so said no more. As a matter of fact, the order to send the provisions down the river had been countermanded but a few hours before, but without the sentry's knowledge. Thus did fortune again favor the English.

At last the headland above Anse du Foulon was gained. Here the tide swept along rapidly and some boats were carried partly past the cove.

"No guard in sight," whispered one of the look-outs.

"It is well," murmured Wolfe.

Only the sound of a gurgling brook as it rushed into the St. Lawrence broke the stillness of the night. Before the boats lay the dark, frowning bluff, with its loose rocks, and its straggling cedars, other trees, and brushwood. The path was there, doubly uncertain in the darkness.

Twenty-four volunteers, picked men, good shots,

and with nerves of iron, led the way. In the meantime those in the other boats waited by the shore, for the signal to land if it proved safe, or to pull away with might and main should the French have led them into a trap.

"Tell you what, Henry, this is a ticklish task," whispered Silvers, as he examined the new firearm he had received.

"It certainly is that," answered the young soldier. "But I reckon General Wolfe knows what he is doing."

"Silence there," came the low command, and the two said no more.

A painful period of waiting followed. Far up the bluff they could hear the volunteers climbing along. Then came a shot, followed by others, and then a ringing English cheer.

"We have them! We have them!" was the cry. "Come up!"

"Hurrah!" came a mighty cry. "*Up we go!*" And in a twinkle the soldiers were out of the boats and scaling the rocks as best they could, some by way of the path and others by rocks and bushes.

It was a climb that Henry never forgot. The path was choked with grenadiers, each with his gun slung over his back and each loaded down with knapsack and blanket.

"We can get up this way just as well," said Silvers, and up they went, side by side, over some rough stones, and then hauling, pushing, and pulling themselves from one point of vantage to another, until, fairly panting for breath, they reached the top and joined the forces gathering on the field above, known as the Plains of Abraham.

CHAPTER XIV

WOLFE'S VICTORY AND DEATH

A SLIGHT shower of rain was falling when Henry and Silvers, still panting for breath, followed the grenadiers and Highlanders to the Plains of Abraham, so called after Abraham Martin, a Canadian pilot who had once owned a stretch of land in that locality. The plains were tolerably level, covered here and there with grass and brushwood. To the southward stretched the St. Lawrence, and to the north and east the River St. Charles. Quebec stood at the extreme southeast point, hidden from view by a series of rocks and low hills, and partly protected by the city wall.

"This is surely a surprise to the French," remarked Henry, as a distant cannon roared forth a warning. "Outside of the guard that was routed not a soldier has come into view."

But it was not long before a detachment of the

French appeared on the ridge before the city. They were a battalion sent forward from an encampment on the St. Charles. The soldiers were in their showy white uniforms, in strong contrast to the red of the British. Drums beat, the Highlanders piped bravely on their pipes, and a skirmish ensued which quickly forced the French to retire for consultation. An attack was also made on the rear, by Bougainville's forces, but this was likewise repulsed.

Hearing the distant firing, Montcalm rode forward in hot haste to learn what it meant. He still imagined it might be a ruse, and that the main attack would be at Beauport, but one glance at the long and solid ranks of the English made him realize the bitter truth—that Wolfe had outwitted him, and that the English were now between him and his supplies. He must either fight and win or surrender.

The French commander knew that he must act quickly, for the English might start to intrench themselves, or, worse yet, march on the city, at any moment. Orders were rushed furiously in all directions, and the troops came up pell-mell, some over the plains, some by the St. Charles bridge, and some by way of the city's gates, the regulars in white, the French Colonials in their nondescript tatters. and the Indians in their savage warpaint. Drums

beat, trumpets blared defiance, and proud banners waved through the rainy air. But the English ranks stood silent, the grim look on the men's faces telling how they were prepared to meet any shock that might come.

The battle was not long in starting. The French took possession of several rises of ground and of some cornfields, and a scattering fire began, gradually growing stronger and stronger.

"Be calm, men!" cried Wolfe, riding up and down, in front and behind his men. A short while later a bullet struck him in the wrist, but he bound the wound up with a handkerchief, and refused to quit the field.

Henry and Silvers were firing with the rest. Soon the fight caused them to drift apart. Henry was with some grenadiers, tall, strong-looking soldiers, who fought with a rare courage that nothing could daunt. With Henry were fifteen or twenty Royal Americans, who had been at first guarding the boats at the landing, but who had now come up to do their share of the fighting.

There was a constant rattle of musketry, punctuated occasionally by heavy artillery. Montcalm's army was now at hand, and a fierce onslaught ensued, the French general himself leading his men and urging them to do their best.

"Forward!" was the cry on the English side, and the soldiers advanced a couple of hundred feet. Then the French rushed to the front, while the English reloaded their pieces A solid volley was delivered, which created terrific havoc in the ranks of the wearers of the white uniform, who were seen to pitch in all directions, dead and dying.

"The day is ours!" was the British cry. "At them! At them, Britons! At them!" And another advance was made.

Begrimed with dirt and smoke, and perspiring freely, Henry went on with the rest. He had fired his musket several times, and now came the order to fix bayonets. Bullets were whistling in all directions, and the young soldier saw more than one companion go down, several to their death. He himself was "scotched" in the arm, but did not notice the hurt until long afterward.

Slowly the French gave way, first in one direction and then another. Then came the order to charge, and a mighty yell went up as the grenadiers and others ran over the field, on the very heels of the retreating French. To one side was a field in which were stationed a number of French sharpshooters.

"They must be dislodged," cried Wolfe, and led the charge. Back of him came the Louisburg Grenadiers, those men who had made such a record for

themselves in other campaigns. With these grenadiers was Louis Silvers, running with many others into the very jaws of death.

Again the bullets whistled around them, and again General Wolfe was hit. He was seen to stagger, but kept on, when a third bullet took him in the breast.

"The general is killed!" was the cry, and Silvers ran to support him. But ere the brave sharpshooter who had been Henry's companion through so much of peril could gain the general's side, a bullet hit him in the side of the head, and he fell over on his face, dead.

Several officers and soldiers had seen General Wolfe's condition, and a lieutenant and two privates ran to support him and carry him to the rear.

"Le—let me down, men," he murmured. "Don't take me from the field."

"General, you must have a surgeon," said one.

"There is no need; it is—is all over with me," he gasped, and sank as in a faint.

"Run for a surgeon," said another, and two privates sped away on the errand.

At that moment came another yell from the end of the field, some distance away:

"They run! They run! Hurrah! See them run!"

Breathing heavily, Wolfe raised himself up.

"Who—run?" he murmured.

"The enemy, general; they are giving ground in every direction," answered the officer who knelt beside him.

Instantly the face of General Wolfe took on a look of quiet satisfaction.

"Tell"—he murmured,—"tell Colonel Burton —march regiment—Webb's—Charles River—cut off retreat!" He breathed heavily, and then with a long sigh continued: "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!"

And but a short time later he expired.

The fall of Wolfe was disheartening to the English, but victory was already in their grasp, and on the French side General Montcalm had also been hit, as he was riding in the midst of the soldiers who were retreating toward the city. A shot passed through his body and he was supported through the St. Louis gate, now a place of intense excitement. Those who were in the city became panic-stricken, and many sought to get together their worldly possessions and fly for their lives.

There was one body of the French soldiery that had not as yet been defeated. These were the colonists, who had been held at and near the city. They now went forward and took possession of a hill

and a cornfield, from which they were dislodged only after a heavy loss by the English.

In the meantime the French general further up the river did his best to gather together his scattered guards and attack the British from the rear. But by the time he came up General Wolfe's army, now under the command of Townshend, for Monckton had also fallen with Wolfe, was safely intrenched. From Beauport also came the Governor-General, Vaudreuil, amazed and bewildered, and able to do little but look on helplessly. He was met by half of the demoralized French army, who insisted upon it that all was lost.

In the city the confusion was tinged with a sadness hardly to be described. Montcalm, the well-beloved, was dying, and his second in command, Brigadier Senezergues, was also mortally hurt. What was to be done? Another day would find the English strongly intrenched, for in the darkness they were already bringing up cannon and training them on the city walls.

"We must retreat—nothing more is left to us," said more than one French officer, and the word swept the rounds with incredible swiftness. "Retreat! retreat, ere it is too late!" was the French cry, and away fled regulars and colonists, in a mad rush that was little short of a panic. The red men,

who before the battle had boasted of what they would do, disappeared as if the ground had opened and swallowed them up.

That night the Marquis de Montcalm, as brave a soldier as ever lived, breathed his last. There was no coffin at hand in which to bury him, and his remains were placed in a rude pine box and deposited under the floor of the Ursuline Convent. As one historian has fitly said, the funeral of Montcalm was the funeral of New France.

Wolfe and Montcalm! brave, generous soldiers both of them. Is it a wonder that the people of Canada, French and English combined, love their memory, and that on what was the Plains of Abraham there stands to-day a pyramid raised in their combined honor?

Ramesey was in command of Quebec, but under the orders of the Governor-General. From a safe distance Vaudreuil wrote to the commandant telling him not to let the English carry the place by assault.

"As soon as provisions fail, raise the white flag, and make the best terms you can," wrote the Governor-General, and Ramesey prepared to obey. At one time he hesitated, hoping to be relieved by General Lévis, who wanted the army to march back. But in a day or two matters grew worse, and at

last the white flag was raised, and Quebec capitulated.

"The city is ours!" cried Henry. "What a victory!"

It was indeed a victory, but one tinged with sadness, for General Wolfe was loved by all. The remains of the officer were tenderly cared for, and, later on, sent to England, where another monument to his memory was erected in Westminster Abbey.

It was a great shock to Henry to find that Silvers had been shot and killed. The man was comparatively a new acquaintance, yet their mutual experiences of the past few weeks had made them feel more like old friends. Silvers was buried in a trench outside of Quebec, along with many others who had fallen, and Henry was a sincere mourner at the brief funeral. Later on, the young soldier carved out a rude slab with his jackknife which he erected over the mound. Fortunately Louis Silvers was a bachelor, so there remained no wife or children to mourn his loss.

CHAPTER XV

NEWS FROM HOME

"LETTERS! letters! letters!"

This was the cry which circulated around Fort Oswego one morning some weeks after Dave had reached the stronghold, in company with Raymond, Shamer, and the two hunters the party had met in the forest.

Dave was slowly recovering from his hurt knee. The twist had proved more severe than at first anticipated, and he had found it necessary to go to the hospital more than once, to have it examined and dressed.

A courier from Albany had come in, with saddle-bags filled with letters of all kinds, written on the thinnest of paper, so that they should not weigh too much, for postage went by weight and was very high.

"A letter for me!" cried Dave, as it was handed to him. It was addressed to Fort Niagara, but as

some of the soldiers of that place were now coming down to Oswego all the mail was sorted at this point before any was forwarded further.

The letter proved to be one written by Dave's father, and filled four closely written sheets. In it James Morris said that the summer had been a fairly prosperous one at the homestead. The new cabin, built to take the place of that burnt by the Indians, was now in a comfortable condition, and both he and his brother had had a large crop of corn and hay, while garden vegetables had never done better. Rodney, the cripple, had gone out considerable during the warm days, and had on one occasion shot a deer drinking at the brook below the cabin, and had also brought in more than one acceptable string of fish.

"Your Aunt Lucy is real well," [the letter continued]. "She awaited the coming of Nell with Sam Barringford with tremendous anxiety, and when the two appeared on the trail, Sam on a horse he had borrowed at Winchester and Nell on a pony, the good woman almost fell dead with joy. We were all affected, and although they came at ten in the morning, no more work was done that day, excepting such as was necessary to make them comfortable. Sam told his story in detail and then we

listened to Nell, and I must confess there was not a dry eye among us when she told of the hardships among the redskins, and of how Jean Bevoir had treated her. I sincerely hope that scoundrelly trader is sent to prison for a long term of years, for he has earned it.

"The news that Fort Niagara was taken was hailed with joy by all of us, and we are proud of the part you and Henry played. Both of you must be careful and not run into needless danger. Now if Generals Wolfe and Amherst can only do as well this cruel war will soon come to an end, and then I can go and re-establish the post on the Kinotah, where, so I have been told by an old frontiersman, the game is now more plentiful than ever, since the Indians have left the hunting ground to go to war with the French.

"Sam wishes me to say that he is going to remain here and at Winchester only about a week longer. Then he is going to rejoin the army at Lake Ontario, to keep his eye on you and Henry. Henry will be sent a letter by his father in this same mail."

Dave read the letter over three times before he allowed it to drop in his lap. In his mind's eye he could picture the new cabin, and the joy of the inmates over the safe arrival of little Nell and

honest Sam Barringford. And then a spasm of pain shot across his heart as he thought of Henry.

"If he was killed what a shock it will prove!" he murmured with downcast face. "Poor Henry! I'd give my right hand to know he was alive and safe!"

"Bad news?" came from Raymond, who came up at that moment.

"No," answered Dave, and went on: "It is a letter from home. They are all well and send best wishes to me and to my cousin Henry. I was thinking of how they will feel when they learn that—that——"

"Don't take it so hard, Dave," said the backwoodsman sympathetically. "He may have escaped, after all. Just as strange things have happened."

The young soldier shook his head doubtfully. "He had a hot fight—I don't see how he could escape if he was wounded. He is either dead or a prisoner in some foul Canadian prison."

Dave had been told to come to the hospital that afternoon at four o'clock and have his knee looked after again. He was on hand promptly, and the surgeon gave it a careful examination.

"It is doing nicely," he said. "Be a bit careful of it for a week longer, and it will be as well as

ever." And then he gave the young soldier a box of salve to be used each night and morning.

Dave was about to leave the hospital when his attention was attracted to a number of patients who had just been brought down in boats from Fort Niagara. One of the men lying on a cot looked familiar, and drawing closer he recognized Jean Bevoir.

The French trader looked pale and thin, for he had suffered not a little. He looked at Dave curiously, and when the young soldier got the chance he went up and spoke to the man.

"I suppose you know me, Bevior?"

"Yees," was the low reply. "You air Daf Morris, not so?"

"Yes, I am Dave Morris, a cousin to little Nell Morris."

At these words the wounded man winced a little. Being a prisoner and in the hospital had taken a good deal of his former bravado out of him.

"You haf made von great mistake," he whined. "I am not ze bad man you think, no."

"I know all about that," returned Dave coldly.

"Must I stand ze trial when I am well?"

"Certainly."

"It ees verra hard on a poor man, yes, verra hard."

"You brought it on yourself, Bevoir. You have caused our family a good deal of trouble."

"You are ze son of James Morris, not so?"

"I am—the same James Morris that you tried to rob of a trading-post on the Kinotah," answered the young soldier, bound that Jean Bevoir should understand the situation fully.

"Zat was ze bad bus'ness, yes. I think ze tradin'-post mine. I haf ze papairs to show of it."

"The grant is my father's, and always was," retorted Dave.

"Do not be too sure," answered the trader craftily. "I can bring ze men to swear it ees mine —two, t'ree men."

"Your title is no good."

"We vill see 'bout zat. If I bring ze men ze court will say it ees mine, and why not? I haf been dare long before your fadder, yes."

There was a pause, for Dave did not know how to reply to this speech. The French trader looked at the youth's face searchingly.

"You listen," he whispered, so that those around might not hear. "I tell you something, yes."

"What?" questioned Dave, wondering what was coming next.

"If you send me to ze prison for two, t'ree year what goot haf dat been? Nodding, no nodding

to you! I go and I come out, and ze trading-post still belongs to Jean Bevoir, not to your fadder."

"I don't believe it."

"Still it ees so. But now listen—I haf ze gran' plan—ze plan to do you goot! Ze tradin'-post ees mine, but I gif it to you and your fadder, yes, efery-t'ing, if——" And here the French trader paused.

"If what?" questioned Dave, although he guessed what was coming.

"If you say noddings 'bout me here—if you help me to get away," answered Jean Bevoir, in a still lower whisper.

"Help you to get away?" cried Dave.

"Sh-sh! Not so loud. Yes, help me. It vill be easy to do zat. An English uniform, a dark night, and it ees done. You haf ze tradin'-post, and I also gif you dis."

As Jean Bevoir spoke he drew from his bosom a small bag tied with a long string. Opening the bag he produced half a dozen English and French pieces of gold, worth probably a hundred dollars all told.

"You will give me that money if I help you to get away?" said Dave slowly.

"Yees, efery piece of it. Now vat you say? Am I not ze goot-hearted man?"

"Good-hearted?" said Dave scornfully. "I

think you are a first-class villain, and if you weren't in the hospital I'd do my best to knock you down for your impudence." Dave was speaking loudly. "You can keep your dirty gold, and I shall do my best to put you in prison. And as for the trading-post——"

"Here, here, what is the trouble?" burst in the voice of a surgeon, as he strode up. "We allow no quarreling in this ward."

"This rascal has been trying to bribe me into helping him to escape," answered Dave, his eyes flashing. "He wanted me to get him an English uniform on the sly."

"What! Is this true?" ejaculated the surgeon. "If it is, he deserves a flogging instead of medical care."

"No! no!" shrieked Jean Bevoir. "It ees all von gran' mistake." He hurriedly stowed the gold in his bosom. "How can I escape ven I haf ze shot in ze leg——"

"It is getting better fast," responded the surgeon. "I fancy we had better keep an eye on you, and by the end of the week I'll pass you over to the prison guard for safe keeping."

"I hope you do, sir," said Dave. "He is a great criminal as well as a prisoner of war," and he told a few of the particulars of Jean Bevoir's doings.

"I am glad you did not let him tempt you," said the surgeon. "He is certainly a rascal of the first water. But I don't want you to talk to him any longer. A quarrel will only excite the other patients here," and he led the way from the building. As he was going out, Dave looked back to see what Bevoir was doing. The French trader scowled at him and shook his fist in rage.

"He will hate me worse than ever for this," reasoned the young soldier. "But I am glad I showed him up to the surgeon. It would be a great pity if he was allowed to slip away unnoticed."

CHAPTER XVI

A FIRE AND AN ESCAPE

THE next day was an exceedingly hot one in and around Fort Oswego, and Dave was content to remain in the shade of some trees and take it easy.

Early in the morning a detachment of soldiers from Fort Niagara arrived, having been sent down by General Gage, who had now superseded Sir William Johnson in command.

These soldiers were followed by others, who had scouted through the woods lining the lake shore and who declared that all the French and unfriendly Indians had left the locality.

The soldiers brought with them two barge loads of powder which the commandant at Oswego desired. The powder did not come in until almost dark, but it was decided to place it in the powder house that night, rather than leave it on the lake until morning.

For the want of something better to do, Dave

walked down to the powder house and watched the soldiers bring in the kegs of powder, and also several boxes of flints. It was rather hard work, in such warm weather, and it caused more than one soldier to grumble.

"I didn't enlist for this," grumbled one pioneer. "Between such work and working on the fort at Niagara, I've toiled harder than when I built my cabin on the Mohawk."

"Never mind," said another, who was more cheerful. "Remember, it's all for the good of the cause."

"Yes, the good of England," growled the first speaker. "After this war between England and France is over, the Canadians will still be our neighbors, and do you think they'll like it because we walloped them? Not to my style of thinking."

One of the kegs of powder had burst open, and this left a train of grains running from the lake front almost to the powder-house door. Some of the powder was spilt on a rough rock, but nobody noticed this, until a soldier in passing scraped his foot on the rock, when there was a flash which made him jump high in the air and drop the keg he was carrying.

"It's powder!" he roared, and ran for his life.

A dozen others saw the flash, including Dave,

and many leaped back, while half a dozen other spurts of flame went up from the long grass, which was now on fire. The keg the soldier had dropped rolled into this long grass, and might have exploded had not Dave rushed forward.

"Hi! what are you up to?" roared one soldier. "Look out, or you will be killed!"

"I'll risk it," muttered the young soldier, and sprang beside the keg. He gave it a vigorous kick, which sent it spinning away from the dangerous spot.

The train of fire had burnt backward as well as forward, and it reached another patch of grass close to where two half-kegs of powder rested, the last taken from one of the barges. Nobody cared to go near these, and a minute later one exploded with a loud report, hurling stones, dirt, and the other half-keg into the lake.

The sound of the exploding powder caused an alarm in and around the fort, and soldiers came hurrying from all directions.

"The grass is on fire in a dozen places!"

"It is creeping up to the powder house!"

"If the house goes up we had best all take to the woods!"

These and other cries rang out, and for the moment nobody knew what to do. A few began to

He gave it a vigorous kick, which sent it spinning away from the dangerous spot. — *Page 146.*

stamp on the grass and thereby burnt their shoes, but the majority felt like retreating in short order.

"Form a bucket brigade!" at last shouted an officer, and a rush was made for the leathern buckets, while other, coming suddenly to their senses, ran for picks and shovels, with which to dig away the burning grass.

It was perilous work, for there was no telling how soon the flames might leap to the powder house and blow everything for rods around sky-high.

In the excitement Dave forgot all about his sore knee, and catching up a bucket, he worked as manfully as anybody to bring water. Two lines were formed, one passing up the water and the other returning the empty buckets, and soon the work began to tell in spite of the dryness of the grass, which seemed to burn like so much tinder.

It was a good hour before the excitement came to an end, and to make sure that there should be no more danger of fire, the grass all around the powder house was dug up and cast to one side, and the ditch thus formed was filled with water. Then the remaining grass was thoroughly saturated; and the danger was over.

"Rather a close call, Dave," remarked Raymond,

when the two were washing up, later on. "I thought sure we'd all be blown to kingdom come."

"I thought that, too," put in Shamer. "I felt more like running than like trying to put out the fire."

"It was certainly exciting enough," answered Dave. "I forgot all about my knee," and he rubbed that member tenderly, for it had now begun to assert itself once more.

"They tell me that two of the sick prisoners in the hospital are missing," came from a soldier standing near. "They took French leave during the confusion."

"Two prisoners missing?" queried Dave with interest. "Do you know who they were?"

"I do not."

"I'm going to find out."

"Do you think one was that rascal of a Bevoir?" asked Raymond.

"It would be just my luck if it was," answered Dave, as he hurried away.

At the hospital the guards could give no information, for they had been ordered to keep silent. But a little later Dave found the surgeon who had caught him talking to the French trader.

"Yes, one of the missing ones is Jean Bevoir,"

said the surgeon. "The explosion of the powder, and the fire, upset both the nurses and the guards, and in the excitement Bevoir got away, with another Frenchman named Chalette."

"It's too bad."

The surgeon gazed at Dave sharply.

"You are quite sure you didn't change your mind about helping that man?" he demanded.

"Me? Not much, sir. Why, I've been out fighting the fire."

"He kicked away one of the kegs of powder," said a nurse, who had chanced to see the brave act. "He couldn't have been around here when the men got away."

A detachment of soldiers was sent out, to roam the woods and watch the lake front, in an effort to locate Bevoir and his companion. But though the search was kept up for four days, nothing was seen or heard of the escaped prisoners.

"This is certainly too bad," said Raymond to Dave, when the search was practically given up. "I suppose you reckoned on sending him to prison."

"Yes, and he deserved it."

"You want to be on your guard against such a man, Dave. He will not forget you, remember that."

"I only wish I could meet him!" burst out Dave.

"He will probably get over to Canada just as fast as he can. He knows he won't dare to show himself around any English camp, or at that trading-post again."

Dave was still on the sick list, and to spend the time went fishing the next day. He had just pulled in a fine perch when a well-known voice reached his ears, causing him to leap up from the rock on which he was fishing and drop his pole.

"So here ye air, eh?" came to his ears. "Jest as nateral as ever, bless my eyes if ye aint!"

"Sam Barringford!" exclaimed Dave, and caught the old frontiersman by both hands. "Oh, how glad I am to see you again! I've been looking for you for several days."

"Have ye now? Waal, it's good to be looked fer—better'n when folks hopes ye will stay away." Barringford winked one eye. "I had to stop at Albany on business. How air ye, an' where is Henry?"

"Henry—oh, Sam, how can I tell you. He——"

"Don't say Henry is dead, lad—no, no, not that!" And all the color in the honest hunter's face seemed to die away. "He's alive, o' course he is."

"I—I hope so. But I don't know. We had a fearful fight with the Indians, and Henry was captured by them, and by some Frenchmen, and taken away in a boat." And Dave told the whole story, just as it has been written in these pages.

Sam Barringford listened in utter silence, shaking his head from time to time, to show that he understood. Henry was very dear to him, as old readers of this series know, and the pair had been on many a hunting expedition together.

"I don't think the Frenchmen would kill him, —not in cold blood and they wearing the army uniform," he said slowly. "But the redskins are the Old Nick's own, and if they got Henry to themselves——"

"That is what I am thinking, Sam. Oh, it is awful."

"Ye got no news at all?"

"Not a word."

"Have ye been back to the spot?"

"I couldn't go. My knee——"

"Oh, yes, I forgot. How is the knee now?"

"A good deal better."

"I'll go up to thet spot to-morrow," said Barringford with sudden determination.

"But they went off in a boat."

"Perhaps thet was a blind, lad."

Barringford had but little to tell outside of what Dave had already learned through the medium of Mr. Morris's letter. The journey to Wills' Creek with little Nell and the Rose twins had proved uneventful, but the neighbors had flocked from far and near to see the restored children.

"It would have done your heart good to have seen your aunt," said the old hunter. "She nearly went crazy, laughin' one minit an' cryin' the next, and little Nell and Rodney laughed and cried too. Your father and Uncle Joe and me couldn't stand it nohow, and we went down to the barn and blubbered too. Never felt so queer in my hull life afore." And Barringford rubbed his coat sleeve over his eyes. The tears were in Dave's eyes too, and he was not ashamed of them either.

"I know I ought to write home about Henry," said the young soldier, when he could trust himself to speak. "But, somehow, I can't bring myself to do it, although I've tried a dozen times. Every day I live in the hope that the next day will bring good news."

"Wait until I've made thet trip I spoke about, Dave."

"Shall I go along?"

"Best not, with that hurt knee. A hurt knee aint to be fooled with. Jack Pepper twisted his

knee onct, and walked lame the rest o' his nateral life."

"Oh, I hope I won't have to do that!" cried Dave. "I'll take the best care I can of it." And he did.

CHAPTER XVII

THE HOLE IN THE ICE

Sam Barringford kept his word, by starting on his search early the next morning. Dave begged to go along, but the old frontiersman shook his head.

"No, lad, I'd like your company, ye know that, but I can make time by going it alone," he said.

The week to follow was an anxious one to the youth. Day after day he looked for Barringford's return. In the meantime, he nursed his twisted knee faithfully, until that member seemed as strong and limber as ever.

The young soldier was now back in the ranks, and it was whispered about that he would soon be made an officer. But this honor he declined.

"Give the older heads a chance," he said. "I am content to do my duty as a private," and Raymond was elected in his stead.

On the eighth day Sam Barringford came back, thoroughly tired out by a tramp that had taken him over many miles of the territory covering the lake front.

"Didn't see anybuddy but a couple o' redskins," he said. "They were old men and could tell nuthin'."

"And you found no trace?" faltered Dave.

"Nary a trace, lad. It's too bad, but it can't be helped." And Barringford's voice almost broke in spite of his effort to control it.

Drilling was now going on every morning and afternoon, for it was felt that the Colonial militia must be brought up as far as possible to the standard of the royal troops. In the militia men were constantly coming and going, suiting their own convenience in spite of all the officers could do to restrain them.

"We'll not be able to do much more this season," remarked Barringford to Dave, one day. "It won't be long before winter is on us and then the campaign will have to come to an end."

One day there came the glorious news of Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham, followed almost immediately by the news that Quebec had been taken.

The soldiers went wild with excitement, and the

officers did not attempt to restrain them. In the evening bonfires were lit and the general jollification lasted until the next morning.

"That is the end of French rule in America," said Raymond. "Now if Amherst can only advance we'll soon have the garlic-eaters on the run." But, as already mentioned in these pages, Amherst's advance was so slow that the storms of early winter drove his ships on Lake Champlain back and he was compelled to go into quarters for the season at Crown Point, leaving the British army at Quebec to take care of itself.

"I must write home and tell of this victory," said Dave. "But—but—Henry——"

"Better wait a bit longer, Dave," said Barringford. "If the French are licked we may learn somethin' o' their prisoners, an' Henry may be among 'em."

Two days later came a pony express with letters for many of the soldiers, some from home and some from others in the various armies of the English.

"A letter from Quebec!" murmured Dave, as he received the epistle. His hand shook so that he could scarcely read the address. That handwriting looked familiar. Oh, if only it was from Henry! He breathed a silent prayer, and then broke the seal.

"Who is it from?" questioned Barringford, who was standing near.

"Oh, Sam, it's from Henry! He is alive! Think of it!" The tears of joy stood in the young soldier's eyes. "He was with Wolfe—after escaping from the French—he and Silvers. But Silvers, poor man, was shot dead in the battle," he went on, reading rapidly.

"Is Henry all right?"

"Yes, and he says he has learned that I am safe, too. A messenger from Oswego brought the news some time ago."

"Lad, ye can thank God for His many marcies," said Barringford reverently.

"Yes, Sam, and I do, from the bottom of my heart," returned Dave.

The letter was a long one, and the two walked to an out-of-the-way spot, where Dave read it aloud, while the frontiersman listened with close attention. Henry gave many of the particulars of his capture and escape, and also mentioned that he was now doing guard duty in Quebec. He added that he had sent home a letter, telling of his safety, and that for the present he was going to remain where he was, and hoped that sooner or later Dave and the command to which he was attached would join him.

"This is the best news yet," cried Dave, after the

letter had been read twice. "Sam, my heart is as light as air!"

"So is mine, Dave. It's a heavy weight removed, eh? I could 'most dance a jig."

"What a big fight it must have been, and how sad to think that General Wolfe had to die just as he accomplished what he had planned so many months."

"'Twas better to die thus than to have the fate of General Montcalm," replied Barringford. "To die in victory is nothing to dying in defeat."

"I guess you must be right." Dave paused for a moment. "Now Quebec is taken, what do you think will be the next move for our army to make?"

"That is hard to say, lad. Maybe the French will come back at Quebec before long. But come, let us get back to the camp-fire. It is too cold to stay here, even while discussin' such good news."

Barringford was right about it being cold. It was the middle of September and the air was nipping. A few days later came a cold rain that seemed to penetrate to the very marrow of Dave's bones, for the lad from Virginia was not used to such a climate as that of upper New York State.

"Ugh, but it's awful!" he said, as he came in from two hours of guard duty, with his clothing

soaked. "It's enough to give one his death of cold."

"Strip yourself, and rub down good," said Barringford. "It certainly is rough on a fellow o' Southern blood."

"I hope the rain don't last."

"This is what we call a pond-filler, Dave. As soon as all the ponds fill up it will git colder, mark what I tell ye."

Barringford's prediction was correct. The rain came down until all the ponds and streams were overflowing and then the storm came to an end. A week after this came a flurry of snow, followed by a high wind which blew down several old trees in that vicinity.

"Winter's coming now," said more than one, and the officers lost no time in giving the soldiers directions for going into winter quarters. It was felt by all that military operations must, for the time being, come to an end.

At first Dave had thought to return home for the winter. But Barringford did not care to make another trip to Wills' Creek and the young soldier was not in the humor to go alone or in the company of strangers.

"Might as well settle down right here," said Barringford. "We can fix ourselves a putty comfort-

able hut, and there will be sure to be plenty o' huntin' and fishin' for whomsoever wants it."

Many of the soldiers were quartered in the fort and in the trading-posts scattered about, but there was not room for all, and the others had to build themselves shelters of boards and canvas. Barringford, Raymond, and Dave formed a party by themselves, and it was not long before the trio completed a shelter of which they were justly proud.

The hut was about twelve feet square, of rough logs and tree branches, interlaced with willow withes. On one corner were several rocks and an opening, where they could build a camp-fire, if they wished, and three couches of cedar branches were also provided, filling the air of the shelter with a sweet and wholesome smell.

"Now we are about fixed fer the winter," said Barringford. "When the snow comes, we can bank some up against the sides, to keep out the wind, and then we'll be as snug as bugs under a hearthstone."

"I don't believe provisions will be any too plentiful, with so many of the soldiers coming in from Fort Niagara and other points," said Raymond. "But as we are all good shots, and know something about fishing through holes in the ice, we ought not to go hungry."

It was not long after the shelter was completed that winter came upon them in earnest. One evening a light snow began to fall and in the morning it was snowing more heavily than ever. This kept up for two days and nights, leaving the ground covered to the depth of a foot and a half.

"Now we can bank up the sides of the hut," said Barringford, and this was done without delay. They also went into the woods and helped to cut large quantities of firewood, which was brought to the fort and the camp on drags drawn by horses.

The snow was followed by a spell of clear, cold weather, which to Dave was far more acceptable than the rain had been. The streams in the vicinity were now frozen up and also a good part of the lake front.

"I'd like to try fishing through the ice," said Dave, one morning when there was nothing for him and Barringford to do.

"Jest the thing, Dave," replied the old frontiersman. "I've an idee they'll bite well to-day."

Preparations were soon made, and they passed along the Oswego River to where there was something of a sheltered cove. Here the ice was not more than six inches in thickness, and they made good-sized holes without much trouble.

Barringford knew exactly how to go about fix-

ing their lines, and Dave stood by while the frontiersman baited to his satisfaction.

"You take the upper hole and I'll take the lower," said Barringford, when the lines were ready. "We'll see who can ketch the fust one."

David did as told, and having allowed his hook to go down almost to the bottom, waited patiently for a bite.

"Ye want to keep movin' it around a bit!" shouted Barringford. "A fish likes to snatch a bait on the fly. Ef ye——"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a pull and a splash, followed by a flopping on the ice. The fish tried its best to get back into the hole, but Barringford was too quick for it and speedily strung it on the end of a twig he had cut while coming over to the cove.

From that time on fishing went forward with more or less success for two hours, when each had a mess of about twenty, mostly of fair size.

"Not bad by any means," declared Barringford, as he surveyed the catch. "But they'll be fatter in a month or six weeks more, an' sweeter, too."

"Whoop! I've got another!" cried Dave, a second later. There came a savage tug on his line. "Must be a big one, Sam!"

"Perhaps you had better play him a bit," sug-

gested the frontiersmen, but just then Dave brought the catch to light—an ugly water snake of a darkish color and with cold, staring eyes.

"My stars!" ejeculated Dave, and as the snake whipped toward him, he stepped back. Then the snake, somewhat dazed at being brought to the surface at this season of the year, made another turn, and struck at Dave's foot. The young soldier gave a jump, and, like a flash, slipped into the hole in the ice. He tried to clutch the edge of the hole with his hands, but it was too slippery, and before Barringford could grab him, he had disappeared from view, and the water snake behind him.

CHAPTER XVIII

WINTER QUARTERS

For the instant after Dave disappeared under the water of the river he gave himself up for lost. The fearful chill struck him to the very heart, and he could think of nothing to do to save himself.

As mentioned, the snake came down after him, dragging a good part of the line, until the upper end was stopped by Barringford. Then, by a chance turn, the reptile loosened itself and lost no time in sinking away to parts unknown.

Dave gave a gasp and the icy water filled his mouth and some entered his lungs. Then his presence of mind returned and he floundered around, trying to reach the surface once more.

He came up, but not at the hole. Instead, his head bumped with considerable force against the under side of the icy covering of the stream.

"I am lost! I shall die for the want of a

breath!" was the horrible thought that crossed his mind. And then he prayed that his life might be spared to him.

It was by the merest chance that his hand came in contact with part of the fishing line. The sharp hook pricked his thumb and he at once recognized what it was.

"The line," he thought. "I must follow that back to the hole!" And as well as he could he felt along the line foot by foot, swimming and holding on at the same time.

His senses were fast leaving him and he was still some distance from the hole when he felt a jerk on the line. He gave a jerk in return and then half a dozen in quick succession. Then, as in a dream, he wound the line around his wrist.

Dave could never tell, afterwards, what happened directly after this. He felt himself drawn along, and felt the ice scratch his nose and his chin. Then a hand grabbed him by the hair and by the arm, and he was lifted up, dripping like a drowned rat, and too weak to open his eyes or make a move.

"Got him, thanks to Heaven!" burst from Sam Barringford's lips. "An' he aint dead nuther! But I'll have to hustle back to camp or he'll be frozen stiff!"

Leaving the lines and the catches where they lay, he took Dave by the heels and held him up head downward. A little water ran from the young soldier's mouth and he gave a gasp and a shiver.

"Breathin' yet," muttered the old frontiersman. "Wot he wants now is a hot blanket an' a hot drink, and he shall have it too, in jig time."

With Dave slung over his shoulder, he set off on a run through the woods for the fort, a distance of nearly half a mile. The way was rough and the jouncing helped to keep up the youth's feeble circulation.

Soon Barringford came within sight of some of the soldiers. They wanted to know what was wrong, but he would not stop.

"Who has got the hottest fire here?" he demanded, as he rushed into the camp, and being directed to the spot, he requested some soldiers to heat up a pair of the thickest blankets to be found. He also asked for some steaming coffee, knowing Dave would not touch liquor.

A short time later found Dave stripped and between the hot blankets, and with jugs of hot water placed at his feet and over his heart. He had also been given some of the smoking coffee, and these various applications soon put him into a perspiration.

"Sam, you are very, very good," he managed to whisper, for he was almost too weak to speak. "If it hadn't been for you I wouldn't have come——"

"Never mind now, Dave," interrupted the backwoodsman. "Jest you keep quiet an' git back your strength. Yes, I know it was a close shave."

Barringford's quick work saved Dave from serious sickness, and the young soldier suffered nothing more than a slight cold and a few pains in the knee that had been wrenched. The frontiersman went back the next day for the lines and the fish that had been caught, and by Dave's advice the fish were distributed among those who had given their aid to him.

After this the winter passed without special incident. During the heavy snows the fort and the camp were cut off for several weeks at a time from communincation with other points. Time often hung heavily on the soldiers' hands and they did what they could to amuse themselves. One favorite sport was to shoot at a target, and as the commander was anxious to have all his soldiers good shots he allowed his men to use more powder and bullets than would otherwise have been the case.

Dave was interested in the shooting, and went into one of the contests, the captain of the company

having put up three prizes—a new pair of boots, a silk neckerchief, and a jackknife.

"I don't suppose I'll win a prize," said the young soldier. "But I am going to make all the points I can."

Each man was allowed three shots, and each shot could count on the target from 1 to 5 points. On his first shot the young soldier made 4 points.

"Not bad, lad," said Barringford. "Be a leetle more careful the next time and you'll make it a 5."

When Dave's turn came again he did make it a 5. This was followed by another 4—giving him a total of 13 points out of a possible 15 points.

The best shots of the company took their turns last, among them Raymond and Barringford. Each of these scored 15 points, and so did two other old riflemen. Two scores of 14 were made, three of 13, including Dave's, and the others ranged from 12 down to 6.

"Thirteen isn't bad, Dave," said Barringford encouragingly. "There are twice as many that are worse than those that are better."

"Henry could do better," answered Dave. "But then he's a natural-born marksman and I am not."

Much interest was displayed in the shooting-off of the tie between the four who had made a full 15 points. The target was placed at twice the dis-

tance it had before been and each man was allowed two shots.

Raymond was the first to shoot and scored a 4. He was followed by a sharpshooter named Russell, who also made a 4; and then came an old hunter named Bauermann, who made a 3.

"Now, Sam, you must make a bull's-eye," whispered Dave, and the old frontiersman did so, hitting the target squarely in the center.

It was now Raymond's turn to try his second and last shot, and he took it with great care, making a 5, giving him a total of 9. Then came Russell with a 2, and Bauermann with a 4.

"Now, Sam, another bull's-eye," cried Dave, who was more excited than was the old frontiersman.

"Not so easy," answered Barringford, but there was a quiet smile on his face. Up came his musket, and on the instant there was a crack, and his second bullet landed directly on top of his first.

"What's the total score?" was the cry from a dozen throats.

"Total score as follows," sang out the man at the target. "Barringford 10, Raymond 9, Bauermann, 7, and Russell 6. Barringford, Raymond, and Bauermann take the first, second, and third prizes in the order named."

"Hurrah for Barringford!" cried Dave, and led in the cheering. Then there was a call for a speech, and the old frontiersman was hauled forward and made to mount a flat rock.

"I don't know what ye want me to say," he remarked half sheepishly. "I've done my best to win them boots, and I guess I won 'em. They'll keep my feet warm, while Raymond, he kin keep his neck warm with the kerchief, an' old man Bauermann kin sit by the fire and whittle sticks to his heart's content. I thank ye for your kindness, and I vote we all thank the cap'n for the prizes an' the good time——"

"Whoop! Huzza!" cried the crowd. And then somebody added: "All in favor of thankin' the cap'n will please march up and present arms to him!" And then the crowd caught up their guns and marched past the officer in a long line, each presenting arms as he passed. And thus the shooting match ended very pleasantly.

During the winter Dave and Barringford, and occasionally Raymond, went out in the forest to hunt. They brought in several small deer and two bears, as well as a large quantity of rabbits and not a few wild birds. Others went fishing through holes in the ice, but Dave declared that he had had enough of such sport.

Only once came a letter from home. This was around New Year's, and brought the information that all were doing well, excepting Rodney, who was worse and who must now submit to another operation by the surgeon. The folks had heard from Henry and were glad to learn that he had escaped from the French. In the letter Mr. James Morris said he was sorry to hear that Jean Bevoir had gotten away.

"He will surely try to make more trouble for us," he wrote. "You must beware of him. He is worse than a snake in the grass."

But Dave was more disturbed about Rodney than he was just then about Jean Bevoir.

"It is too bad he must submit to another operation," he told Barringford. "I am afraid he will get so he can't walk at all."

"It hurt him to travel when the old cabin was burnt down," answered the frontiersman. "He told me so privately, but he didn't want to say nuthin' afore his folks, cause, ye see, it wouldn't do no good. That was a hard journey."

"I have always suspected as much," answered Dave. "Rodney is a good deal of a hero, and I know he won't let folks know how much he suffers. And it pains him, too, to think that he must sit still, or at the most shuffle around a little, while

Henry and I can come and go as we please. I can tell you what, Sam, a person's health is a good deal to him."

"My lad, health is the greatest blessing ever God give to ye, an' don't ye never forgit it, nuther. Wot's riches, if ye can't live to enj'y it? Onct, when I was down in the mouth because I hadn't so much as a farthing in my pocket, I was in Annapolis. There I met a rich old merchant in his lordly coach, with a driver and footman, an' I don't know what all. Did he look happy? No, siree! He was bent almost double with gout an' rheumatism an' other diseases an' sufferin' tortures uncounted. Sez I to myself, sez I: 'Sam Barringford, you're a fool to be down in the mouth! You've got your health an' strength, an' you're richer ten times over nor thet feller with all his hoard o' gold. Go back to the woods an' scratch fer a livin' an' bless God you kin walk an' run, an' jump, and eat an' drink as ye please, an' enj'y life.' An' back to the woods I come, an' been happy ever sence. Yes, Dave, health is the greatest blessin' a man ever had."

CHAPTER XIX

LOST IN THE SNOW

About the middle of February news came to the camp that a French soldier and two French traders had been captured at a post on Lake Ontario some twenty miles to the northeast of Fort Oswego. There had been a sharp fight between a detachment of Colonial militia and the French, who had been in the act of removing some stores which they had left hidden in the woods months before, and one of the enemy had been killed and two militiamen badly wounded.

"I wonder if one of the traders can be Jean Bevoir," said Dave, when he heard of the affair.

"It is not unpossible, Dave," answered Barringford. "He was around these ere diggin's a long time, when he was holding little Nell a captive, and he must have brung some things with him when he scooted away from your father's post on the Kinotah."

"I'm going to try to find out who they are," went on the young soldier, and lost no time in seeking the officer who had received the report.

From this person Dave learned that the French soldier's name was Hildegard. The traders were sullen and refused to talk.

"Will they be brought to this fort?" asked Dave.

"Why are you so interested?"

Upon this Dave told a part of his story.

"Ah, yes, I remember now, Morris. No, I am sorry to say we have sent out orders that they be taken down to Fort Stanwix. Some soldiers were bound for that post, and we decided that the prisoners should accompany them. You see, if we keep them here, and they escape, it is too easy a matter for them to get to Canada."

"I would like to make sure that one is not Jean Bevoir," went on Dave.

"Well, you can take a run up there if you want to and see. They will not start for Fort Stanwix until day after to-morrow."

"Then I will go by all means. Can I take Sam Barringford with me? He is a member of our company, and an old friend of mine."

"Very well, you can take him. I will give you

four days' leave of absence. Do you know the road?"

"I know something of it. But Barringford is an old hunter and trapper, so we won't have much trouble keeping to the trail," answered Dave.

Barringford was glad enough to get away from the camp for a few days, and the preparations for the journey were completed in short order.

"Like as not we'll scare up some game on the way," he said. "So be prepared." And each took with him as much powder as could be spared and also a new flint for his musket.

It was a clear, cold day, and the sun made the ice and snow glitter like diamonds. There was no wind, and in the forest all was as silent as a tomb. They picked their way with care, Barringford taking the lead.

"It's as good as a holiday," said Dave. "Now, if we only had skates we could skate along the edge of the lake for quite a distance."

"Never mind, Dave; if we stick to land there won't be no danger of ye going into another hole in the ice."

Dave gave a shiver.

"You're right, Sam; once is enough."

For several miles the trail was a smooth one and easily followed. But after that they had two gullies

to cross, and some rough rocks, a task by no means easy. In one of the gullies the snow lay to a depth of twenty or thirty feet.

"If we fell in there it would be no easy task getting out," remarked Dave.

At noon they rested for an hour, building a campfire in a sheltered spot. They carried some provisions, and on the way Barringford had brought down a fat rabbit, which was speedily done to a turn, and as quickly eaten up.

"We have covered more than half the distance," said the old frontiersman. "But I don't know if we'll be able to cover the balance o' the way afore nightfall."

"Well, we can try," answered Dave, and once more they set off, at a brisk pace, for the nooning had rested them greatly.

But now the trail was very rough, and more than once they had to consider how to get around a certain spot. It took Dave's wind to climb up some of the slippery rocks; and once, when the pull was extra hard, he called on Barringford to halt.

"Got—got to—to get m-m—my wind!" he gasped.

"We had better call it a day," announced the old hunter.

It was four o'clock, and already growing dark. A nook was found where some bushes grew between the rocks. The bushes were cut down and piled on top of the opening, and soon they had a fairly comfortable "corner," as Dave called it, with a roaring fire to cheer them as they rested. More rabbits had been brought low, and Barringford fixed up supper in his own particular style. If the cooking was not of the best, neither of the travelers grumbled, for fresh air and hunger, real hunger, are the best sauces in the world.

In such a lonely spot it was not considered necessary to remain on guard, and after fixing the fire so it would burn for a long while, they turned in, and slept "like rocks" until daybreak.

A loud whistle from Barringford made Dave leap from his couch of pine boughs. The old frontiersman had breakfast ready, and this was quickly eaten, and soon they were on the way once more. Dave was a bit stiff, but did not complain.

"We'll make it by noon," said Barringford, and it lacked a good hour of that time when they came in sight of the post, flying its colors of the King as bravely as did Fort Oswego. A guard stopped them, but matters were quickly explained, and they were conducted to the captain in charge.

"I don't know the prisoners," said Captain Wilbur, "although I have heard about Hildegard. You can look them over." And he called an aid.

The two traders were confined in a hut just outside of the camp. They were chained to a stake, so escape was next to impossible. They scowled darkly at Dave and Barringford.

"A fool's errand," said Dave, after a glance at the men. Neither of the prisoners was Jean Bevoir.

"That's true," returned Barringford. "But it may be they can tell you something about Bevoir, Dave."

"If they can speak English," returned the young soldier.

It was speedily learned that neither of the traders could speak English. Then an interpreter was called in; but the Frenchmen refused to say whether they knew Bevoir or not.

"Never saw such stubborn men," said the interpreter. "They won't tell a thing. We've tried to starve 'em into speaking, but it's no use."

The commander of the post was glad to listen to what little news Dave and Barringford had to tell, and treated them to the best dinner the post afforded.

It was ten o'clock of the following morning when Dave and the old hunter started to return to

Fort Oswego. The day was a gloomy one, with a promise of more snow.

"We don't want to lose any time," said Barringford. "If we do, we may git snow-bound."

Some hunters from the post went with them a distance of a mile, but after that the pair were allowed to shift for themselves. They took the trail by which they had come, although they were told they could save a mile or two by going a different way.

"We know this one," said Barringford. "And it aint no use to take risks, 'specially ef it's goin' to snow."

It was not yet noon when the first flakes of the coming storm floated lazily down upon them. The flakes were large, and soon they increased so thickly that it was impossible to see a dozen yards in any direction.

"I am afraid this is going to be serious, Dave."

"Big flakes can't last very long, can they?"

"No, big flakes can't, but we'll have more snow, even so."

Barringford was right, the large flakes presently gave way to smaller ones, and then the snow became like salt, which the rising wind blew directly into their faces.

"It's goin' to be a hummer!" exclaimed Bar-

ringford, as the wind suddenly rose with a shriek. "Reckon as how we wuz fools to leave the post."

"What shall we do, Sam? We can't very well go back."

"True, lad, but—— By gum!"

A wild animal of some kind had leaped up almost in front of them. Around came Barringford's musket, and he blazed away, and then Dave did the same. There were a roar and a snarl, and over in the snow tumbled a small bear, clawing viciously at everything around it.

"B'ar meat!" yelled Barringford, and ran forward, drawing his hunting knife. Watching his chance he drove the knife into the wounded beast's throat, and soon the game breathed its last.

The wind was now blowing a regular gale, causing the tree boughs to snap and crack in all directions. Try their best they could scarcely locate themselves, for every part of the trail had been obliterated.

"We are lost in the snow!" exclaimed Dave blankly. "And the storm is growing worse every minute!"

"We must make some sort o' shelter, Dave," returned the frontiersman. And then he added: "It's a rare good thing we shot the b'ar. It may save our lives."

"B'ar meat!" yelled Barringford. — *Page 180.*

"You mean for food?"

"Exactly. Come with me, and ketch holt."

Dragging the game between them, they pushed forward until they reached the shelter of some rocks. Here were several clumps of bushes and some tall timber, and they lost no time in starting up a fire, for the temperature had fallen greatly, so that both were in danger of freezing to death. With a hatchet they cut a quantity of firewood, and made a lean-to against the tallest of the rocks. They worked hard, and this helped to keep up the circulation of their blood.

Hour after hour went by, and the storm showed no signs of abating. Barringford skinned the bear, and the pelt was hung upon the boughs of the lean-to to keep off a portion of the wind. In the hollow the snow was damp and could be packed, and this they used to build a sort of house, of snow, boughs, and bearskin combined. It was by no means a comfortable dwelling, but it was far better than nothing. The fire was close by, and gave them not only warmth, but also a good deal of smoke, when the wind chanced to veer around, as it often did.

Slowly the balance of the day went by, and the night to follow was one Dave remembered for many a year after. It was bitterly cold, and they could do but little more than pile the wood on the fire,

and crouch by it, so closely that more than once their clothing was singed. They cooked a huge chunk of the bear's meat, and ate of it several times; and added some of the fat to the fire, in the hope of gaining additional heat. Once, a lean and hungry wolf came close, snarling viciously, and looking wistfully at the meat, and Dave brought it down with a bullet from his musket.

But morning came at last, and with it the end of the storm. As the sun arose it became slightly warmer, and by ten o'clock they were again on the way, each carrying a load of bear meat, and Barringford the pelt also. The walk was a tiresome one, and it was two days ere they came in sight of Fort Oswego.

"I am glad the trip is over," muttered Dave. And Barringford echoed the sentiment. Soon they were among their friends, where they related their experiences, and then took a long and much-needed rest.

CHAPTER XX

THE SITUATION AT QUEBEC

IMMEDIATELY after the fall of Quebec, the English resolved to hold the city at any cost, and to that end every defense was strengthened without loss of time.

As Wolfe was dead and Monckton wounded and unable to act, the command fell upon General Murray. Under his directions the soldiers leveled the breastworks erected on the Plains of Abraham, so that they might give no shelter to any advancing French army, and strengthened the defenses of Quebec proper. The men also cut and brought in large quantities of firewood, for use during the winter, which all felt would be long and bitter, and likewise aided in storing the provisions sent ashore from the fleet.

The ships could not winter very well in the river, and it was not long before they left, taking with them also a portion of the grenadiers and rangers.

At Quebec were left ten battalions of grenadiers, one company of rangers, a strong force of the artillery, and likewise a sprinkling of Colonial free lances and friendly Indians—the latter to be used chiefly as scouts, spies, and messengers.

The city had suffered much from the bombardment of the artillery. The cathedral was honeycombed with cannon balls, and many public buildings and private houses and shops had been completely wrecked. The people who were left in the place were almost terror-stricken, and it was a long time before quiet, and even a semblance of order, could be restored.

For over a week Henry was kept at work on the outer defenses of the city. It was hard labor, but he did not grumble, having already realized that the path of the soldier is not one simply of glory. The death of Silvers made him unusually sober, and in his heart he was sincerely thankful that an all-powerful Providence had spared his life.

The middle of the winter found Henry on guard at the lower end of the city. Here were a number of stores which had been broken down by the bombardment, and some of the owners were missing. A quantity of goods had been stolen, and Henry and four other soldiers were set at the task of guarding the property.

On the second day that Henry was on guard he noticed something which did not at all please him. Two of the soldiers, named Fenley and Prent, were unusually friendly, and, when they supposed they were not being watched, one or the other would slip into one of the stores. When the fellow would reappear, he would have something concealed under his coat, and this, later on, he would pass over to another soldier, named Harkness, who had charge of a watch-house a square away.

"I believe that those fellows are up to no good," thought Henry, after he had watched the movements of the three soldiers several times. "They act like a regular pack of sneaks."

But Henry was too open-hearted and square to suspect the trio of deliberate wrongdoing, until one day Prent accosted him and asked him how he liked his pay as a soldier.

"I think we get mighty little for what we do," said Prent. "And Fenley and Harkness think the same."

"It is certainly not much," answered Henry, totally unsuspicious that he was being "sounded."

"Wouldn't you like to have the chance to make a bit more?" went on Prent, in a lower voice, and with an anxious look around.

"What do you mean, Prent?"

"Oh, nothing much, only if you'd like to make some money on the outside, perhaps I can place you in the way of it."

"I am out to make any money that I can make honestly," answered the young soldier.

"Oh! Well, this isn't—well, it isn't just work, you know. But you can make a neat sum if you want to stand in the game."

"I'll stand in no game that isn't strictly honest," burst out Henry, and now his suspicion was aroused.

"Oh, all right!"

"What have you in mind to do?"

"Nothing—if that's the way you feel about it," retorted Prent, and turning on his heel, he walked rapidly away.

After that the other soldiers were more careful than ever of their movements. But Henry could not get the talk out of his mind, and he at last resolved to play the spy, and see what they were doing, or proposed to do.

One day Henry was on guard, from two in the afternoon until six. At that hour Fenley came to relieve him, while Prent came to relieve another soldier named Groom. Groom at once retired to his quarters, but Henry merely walked around the corner, where he secreted his musket in an out-of-

the-way place, and then crawled back in the darkness, for the winter day was now at an end.

From the broken stonework of a house steps, Henry saw Prent walk up and down his beat several times, meeting Fenley at one end. Then Prent gave a low whistle, to which Fenley instantly responded. A moment later Prent disappeared into one of the stores he had been set to guard.

"He is up to no good, that is certain," reasoned Henry. "I wish I could see just what he is doing."

Watching his opportunity, he sped quickly across the street, which at this point was not very wide. The store, or shop, stood on a corner, and on the side was a broken window, partly boarded up. A board was loose at its lower end, and, lifting it up, Henry crawled through the window.

All was dark around him, and, standing on the floor, near some boxes, he listened intently. He knew that Prent could not be far away.

Presently he heard a foot bang against a box or barrel. "Hang the luck!" came in Prent's voice. "It's as dark as the River Styx! I'll have to make a light, or I'll break my neck." The striking of a flint in a tinder-box followed, and soon Henry saw the faint light of a tallow dip.

Prent was moving toward a stairs leading into a

cellar, and this brought him to within a few feet of where Henry was crouching. But the young soldier remained undiscovered, and in a moment more he heard the other soldier shuffle carefully down the stairs and walk across the cellar floor.

Henry's curiosity was now aroused to a high pitch, and he resolved to see what was taking place in the cellar, no matter what the risk to be run. He tiptoed his way to the stair, and went down step by step on his tiptoes.

The stairs creaked, but the sound was not heard by Prent, who was rummaging around a score of small boxes, all of hard wood, bound with iron. One of the boxes was open and showed that it was filled with surgical and mathematical instruments.

"Bah! I cannot do much with that truck!" Prent muttered, after looking some of the articles over. "The other boxes probably contain things more to my liking."

The fellow had brought a hatchet and chisel with him, and was soon at work prying open another iron-bound box. Occasionally he paused to listen, as if waiting for a signal from Fenley, but none came, and he continued his work.

When the second box came open, Henry could scarcely repress a cry of amazement. The box was

filled with silverware, for the shop was one which had been used by a gold and silver smith. There were silver drinking cups and decanters, and also half a dozen silver trays, and frames for miniatures.

"Ha! Now we have the right thing!" muttered Prent, gazing at the collection with satisfaction. "If we can only get it away without being discovered we will be rich."

"He has turned thief!" thought Henry. "What a rascal! And I thought he was an honest soldier!"

He watched Prent examine the various silver things, and place some in his pockets and his breast. Then the fellow started to open up another of the iron-bound boxes.

Henry was in a quandary, not knowing what to do. He felt that it was his duty to report Prent, and have the man arrested. But then he remembered the order that had but recently been issued by General Murray—that any man caught plundering in Quebec should be hanged.

"I can't see the fellow strung up," thought the young soldier. "That would be too horrible. Perhaps if I talk to him he'll get out and leave the things alone."

At first Henry decided that he would talk to the

would-be thief when he left the building. But then he remembered that it would be best to have Prent put the things back in the boxes and nail the latter up A few steps took him to the stairs, and once there he called softly:

"Prent!"

Had a gun gone off at his ear the evil-doer would not have been more astonished. He dropped the silver mug he was examining and leaped back a step.

"Wh—who calls?" he gasped.

"Prent, I have caught you fairly and squarely, and I want you to leave those things alone."

"Ha, so it is you, Henry Morris!" burst from the other soldier's lips. And then he added quickly: "Are you alone?"

"I am."

"What brought you here?"

"I came to find out what your little game was. I reckon I know the truth."

"You don't know anything," blustered Prent. The exposure had come so unexpectedly he knew not what to say.

"I know you are here for no good purpose. If it were otherwise you would not come here like a thief in the night."

"Are you going to expose me?"

"That depends on yourself. I have no desire to see you hanged."

At these words Prent gave a shiver, for he was at heart a coward.

"I—I—you——" he stammered, and could not go on.

"Listen to me, Prent, and you may save yourself a whole lot of trouble," went on Henry, as calmly as he could. "I hate to play the spy on a fellow soldier, but I felt that it was necessary, after what you had said to me. You wanted to draw me into this robbery. Now, as I said before, I don't want to see you hanged, or even sent to prison. But I am not going to allow you to rob this place, either."

"I haven't said I was going to rob it yet," burst out Prent. "I—I haven't taken a thing."

"You have. Your pockets and your breast are full of silverware. Now I want you——"

At this moment came a loud whistle from outside, followed by the pounding of a musket butt on an outer cellar door.

"An alarm! Let me get out of here!" yelled Prent, and made a leap for the stairs, which were narrow and old.

Before Henry could stand on guard he found himself in the other soldier's grasp. Then Prent gave him a shove which sent him over the side of the

steps head first. Henry tried to save himself, but went down between two barrels with a crash. Before he could extricate himself from the tight position his assailant had fled. Then the tallow dip spluttered up and went out, and the young soldier was left in total darkness.

CHAPTER XXI

UNDER ARREST

For the moment after the tallow dip went out, Henry, half stunned by his tumble, knew not what to do.

"Hi, Prent!" he called out. "What do you mean by knocking me over and leaving me?"

No answer came back to his query, and a few seconds later he heard a crash of woodwork, followed by several exclamations.

"What's the meaning of this?" he heard a rough voice demand.

"A thief is here," answered another voice, which, somehow, sounded familiar.

"A thief? Where?"

"I believe he is in the cellar."

"After him, men. He must not escape. There has already been too much looting here."

There was the tramping of half a dozen soldiers on the floor overhead, and then the flash of a bull's-

eye lantern. As the light reached Henry he staggered up the cellar stairs.

"Ha! here he is!"

"Up with your hands, you rascal, or we'll fire on you!"

"Don't fire," gasped the young soldier "I—I am no thief."

"Then what are you doing here?"

"I was after a thief. I followed——"

Before Henry could finish he saw Prent push his way forward, and catch the English officer of the guard by the arm.

"That's the man!" he bawled. "That's the rascal! Look out, I think he's a desperate fellow!"

"Is this the man you saw sneaking around?" demanded the officer.

"The same, sir."

"If that's the case, we've caught you red-handed, fellow."

"Caught me?" faltered Henry. He was so amazed he could scarcely speak.

"Does it not look like it?"

"But I am no thief."

"Then why are you here?"

"I came down after that man"—pointing to Prent.

"Do hear that!" ejaculated the would-be thief

in well-assumed surprise. "After me—when I've been on guard outside this last hour, and can prove it by the next guard."

"This soldier told us you were here," said the officer of the guard. "He wasn't here himself."

"He was here!" cried Henry. "I saw him sneak in, and I came after him, to see what he intended to do. Then he knocked me over and ran away."

"False! utterly false!" roared Prent. He strode forward. "Say that again and I'll knock you down in truth. I am an honest man."

"I've told the truth," answered Henry doggedly.

"But we found you here, while he was outside," insisted the officer.

"He ran away, as I said, after knocking me down. If you'll search him you'll find his pockets full of stolen things."

"Search me, by all means," cried Prent, who had thrown the stolen articles into a corner when leaving the building. He pulled out several of his pockets. "I haven't a thing that is not my own."

"Men, make that fellow a prisoner," cried the officer of the guard, raising his finger and pointing to Henry.

"But, sir——" gasped the young soldier, with a sinking heart.

"And now answer my questions. What is your name?"

"Henry Morris, sir. But——"

"To what command do you belong?"

"To Captain Werrick's detachment, Royal Americans. But, sir, if you'll only listen——"

"Are you stationed anywhere?"

"I have been on guard here for the last week."

"On guard here?" repeated the officer of the guard. He turned to Prent. "And you are on guard here, too?"

"Yes, lieutenant. He went off when I came on. But he did not go to quarters, but hung around, and so I suspected him. In fact, he tried, I think, to get me into some of his plans day before yesterday."

"How was that?"

"He came to me and said he could show me a way to make money if I could keep my tongue from wagging. He said——"

"You miserable wretch!" interrupted Henry. "You know you are telling a falsehood." He turned to the officer of the guard. "As a matter of fact, he came to me and wanted me to go into his dirty game——"

"Stop!" interrupted the officer of the guard. "We will examine into the details of this later.

Men, make a search, and see if any other thieves are about. But don't let either of these men get away."

At once two of the soldiers stood guard over Henry and Prent, while the others scattered through the cellar, which was long and narrow. They had but two lanterns, both small, so the search was made under difficulties.

As one of the guardsmen reached the back end of the cellar there was a slight scraping sound, followed by the fall of a trap door. The men started forward to investigate, but could see nobody.

"What was that, Jameson?"

"Flog me, if I know, Lowder. Somebody went through a door, I think."

"Exactly my notion. But where is the door?"

It was not long before they found the door, a small, heavy oaken affair, leading to a shaft-like opening, dark and dismal. A lantern was brought forward and on the damp ground the footprints of a man could be seen plainly.

"Another thief, and he has escaped!" cried the officer of the guard.

The officer sent three men into the passageway, the leader with one of the lanterns. They were gone the best part of ten minutes, and when they

returned they reported that the passageway led to the cellar of a house on the next street.

"Was anybody in the house?" demanded the officer of the guard.

"The place was deserted," answered one of the soldiers. "A back window was wide open and on the window sill was some mud, the same as that of the passageway down here."

"Was anybody with you?" demanded the officer, turning to Henry.

"No, sir. But there may have been somebody down here with Prent."

"At it again!" howled the soldier mentioned. "I was never down here until now. I am an honest man."

"We will see about that later. At present I arrest you both and will have you taken to the guardhouse. We must find out something about the rascal who escaped—if we can."

The officer of the guard was obdurate, and inside of half an hour Henry found himself at the guardhouse, which, in this case, was a small private dwelling, from which the owner had fled when first Quebec was bombarded. He was placed in one room, while Prent was placed in another.

As luck would have it, Prent was well acquainted with one of the guards at the house, and through

this fellow he managed to send a message to Fenley and Harkness, in which he asked to see one or the other. Fenley came, and saw him for a few minutes on the sly, and a scheme was concocted by which all promised to stand by Prent in the affair, declaring Henry the sole guilty one.

It is easy to imagine that Henry felt thoroughly miserable when he found himself in solitary confinement in the temporary prison.

"Instead of taking chances with Prent, I should have had him arrested on the spot," he thought dismally. "Now he has turned the tables on me, and how I am to clear myself I do not know."

The search for the man who had escaped through the narrow passage was continued for several days, but without success. In the meantime Henry was held without examination.

But at last he was told that he was to appear before General Murray and a board of officers, and the next day he was marched off to where the general and his staff had their headquarters.

He could not help feeling nervous, and when he saw the general and his fellow officers, sitting at a long table, each in full uniform, his peace of mind was not increased.

"Henry Morris, you are charged with attempted robbery," said one of the officers. "General Mur-

ray wishes to hear what you have to say for yourself. Tell your story in as few words as possible."

As well as he was able, Henry told of his duty as a guard, told of what Prent had said to him, and of how he had followed the soldier to the cellar and tried to get him to come away without taking anything. Then he spoke of the alarm, and of how Prent had knocked him from the stairs, and of how the officer of the guard had come and placed him under arrest.

The officers listened in silence, each watching his face closely. All were evidently impressed by his sincerity.

"Do you not know it was your duty to report Prent when you saw him go into the building?" questioned General Murray.

"I wanted to make sure of what he was doing, sir. Besides, I didn't want to see him turn thief and be hanged for it."

Henry was then removed, and Prent was called in, followed by Fenley and Harkness. All three of the conspirators told of how they had suspected Henry for several nights and of how they had seen him on one occasion carrying away something bulky under his coat.

"Why did you not have him searched?" questioned General Murray.

"We couldn't make ourselves believe that such a young fellow could be a thief," answered Fenley glibly.

"We can't say that he was a thief, exactly," put in Prent. "He may have been only looking at the things." Bad as the soldier was, he did not wish to see Henry hanged.

"But what of that bundle you saw him carry under his coat?"

"That might have been something else," said Fenley.

"Do you want to shield him?"

"Oh, no, general!"

"Do you know anything about this other man who was in the cellar?" asked another officer, after whispered to General Murray. He addressed Prent.

"No, sir."

"Then you don't know he was caught last night?"

At this Prent's knees began to knock together.

"Wh—who is he?" he faltered.

"Never mind just now. As he was in the cellar he, of course, heard all that went on there."

Prent grew white and it was with difficulty that he kept his knees from sinking beneath him.

"I—I—he didn't hear anything—that is, he

doesn't know anything about me," he said weakly. "He must be in league with Henry Morris."

"Perhaps," said the officer dryly. "But I imagine not."

At this moment an aid came in hurriedly, and asked permission to deliver a message.

"What is it, Lieutenant Caswell?" questioned General Murray.

"We have information that the French intend to attack the post at Lorette this afternoon," said the aid.

"In that case, this hearing is postponed indefinitely," said General Murray. "Let the guards remove the prisoners."

CHAPTER XXII

IN PRISON AND OUT

THE man who had been in the cellar and who had escaped, had not been caught, as one of the officers of the court-martial had intimated. But he had been heard from, and in the most unexpected manner.

Late the evening before, an old Canadian, living in the most wretched quarter of Quebec, had appeared at the headquarters of the officers with a note, which he said had been given to him by a man, muffled up in a military cloak, whom he had met outside of the city, while bringing in a load of firewood.

"The man gave me no time to speak with him," said the Canadian, in French. "He thrust this into my hand, made me promise to deliver it here to-night, pressed this silver piece in my palm, and then rode off on horseback at a wild gallop."

"Was he a French soldier?"

"I believe, sir, he was," answered the old Canadian. "But he was dirty and unshaven and looked as if he had not eaten his fill for a week or more."

The note thus strangely brought to light ran as follows, although written in French:

"To General Murray:

"I am a Frenchman leaving Quebec, an honest man, but your enemy in war. I write this to save the young soldier who was caught in the cellar of the goldsmith's shop. He is innocent and the man who knocked him down is guilty. I write this at my own peril, because I cannot stand idly by and see the innocent suffer.

"Yours in truth,

"L. C. G."

The note was a mere scrawl, written on a bit of coarse paper and unsealed.

General Murray was much mystified by the communication, and spoke of it to several of his brother officers.

"I believe it is genuine," said one. "The man was probably a French spy."

"It is more likely a fraud," said another. "A fraud gotten up by one of Morris's friends to clear him."

Here were the two sides of the matter, and General Murray did not know which side to believe. The examination of Henry threw no new light on the affair, and it was then that one of the officers suggested, in a whisper, that Prent be made to believe that the stranger in the cellar had been caught. The outcome of this the reader already knows.

Henry had been removed before the stranger was mentioned, and he knew nothing of how nearly Prent had come to breaking down and exposing himself.

From the sounds which reached him in his prison, Henry knew that something unusual had occurred to break the quiet monotony of army life in the captured city. Soldiers were hurrying in various directions, and he heard some artillery being dragged down the street by six or eight horses. Drums were rolling, and from a great distance he imagined he heard the sound of firing through the clear, nipping air.

Ever since the English had taken Quebec and signified their intention of holding it, at any cost, there had been rumors that the enemy were coming to the attack before the winter was over. The first alarm came in November, when the news went flying in all directions that General Lévis was

marching toward the city, at the head of fifteen thousand men.

"He means to capture the city, and has sworn to dine here with his army on Christmas day," was the report.

The guard was strengthened, and the watchfulness of the outposts increased. But Lévis failed to appear, for the simple reason that he was by no means ready to make an attack. Then the holidays came and went quietly, and for a few weeks the alarm subsided.

The main outposts at this time were at St. Foy, and at Old Lorette. At each place a strong guard was placed, for the French were not far distant, and bent on doing all the damage possible to the English.

Old Lorette had now been attacked by a body of French regulars, who came up when least expected, and drove off a large herd of cattle upon which the British had levied. This made the rangers in that vicinity very angry. A hasty plan against the French was arranged, and just as hastily carried out, and the enemy fell back with one or two men wounded, leaving the rangers to re-gather the cattle, that had in the meantime strayed away in various directions.

But it was not this firing that Henry heard. The

French had come up during a storm and taken possession of Point Levi, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. They dared the English to come out and meet them, and a detachment under Major Dalling was sent over the river on the ice, which was now thick enough to bear almost any weight. A sharp skirmish followed, and the French were beaten back. A few days later there was another encounter, in which General Murray himself took part, and also a detachment of the Highlanders, and this time the enemy fled in terror, leaving a handful of their men to be captured.

During these exciting days nobody came near Henry but the prison guards, and the majority of these soldiers were rough fellows who had neither sympathy nor pity for the youthful prisoner.

"It's a bad hole ye have got yourself into," said one. "An' if ye are hung 'twill but serve ye right."

"'Tis hung he should be," said another. "A thief is no better than a murderer." This fellow had charge of the food served to Henry, and he gave the youth stuff which was scarcely fit to eat.

As the days went by Henry grew more miserable, and to tease him one of the guards told another, in Henry's hearing, that he had heard the prisoner was soon to dance upon nothing, as a warning to other thieves.

It was a cruel joke, and gotten off so seriously that Henry was much inclined to believe the report. That night he could not sleep, and when he arose in the morning his face wore a cold, calculating look that had never been there before.

"They shan't hang me," he thought bitterly. "I am innocent and I won't suffer—not if I can help it. What will mother and the others say, if they hear I was hanged for a thief?"

A day later it snowed heavily, and the guards around the house were more out of humor than ever. They were not allowed to smoke, but did so on the sly, and one man drank liberally of some rum which one of the detail brought in from somewhere.

Henry was watching his chance as a hawk watches young chickens, and late that afternoon noticed that the guard seemed unusually drowsy. The man sat on a bench in a front room of the improvised prison, and if he did not sleep he was certainly far from being wide awake.

There was a window in Henry's room. It had been nailed up, but one window pane was broken, letting in cold air that nearly froze him to death during the night time. Outside several slats of wood had been placed across the window, which happened to be without the heavy wooden shutters so common at that period.

Through the broken window pane Henry had worked at two of the slats and now had them much loosened. As night came on he noticed that the guard still dozed. The man's cap had fallen on the floor, and his heavy coat had slipped beside it.

"If I could only get that cap and coat," thought the young prisoner. The door to the next room was unlocked,—indeed, it had never had a lock on it,—and it was an easy matter to step up to the guard. In a moment more Henry had the articles he desired. Then he turned back, for he knew that another guard was in the street, near the door leading to the thoroughfare.

"Hullo! How cold it is!" Henry heard the guard mutter. He waited to hear no more, but as the man stretched himself he ran to the window, smashed out what remained of the glass, pushed aside the loosened bars, and leaped out into the snow of the yard.

There was now an alarm, and the youth knew that in another moment three or four guards would be after him, each with a musket, ready to shoot him on sight. He leaped for the shelter of a nearby woodshed, donned the cap and military overcoat, and then continued to the back of the yard, where he hopped over a fence, and darted into an alleyway leading to another street.

As Henry gained the alleyway the report of a musket rang out on the early night air, and soon the commotion in and around the prison increased.

"What's the rumpus?" demanded the officer of the guard, running up.

"Morris has escaped!"

"He attacked me like a savage beast," said the guard, who had been dozing. "He—he complained of being half frozen, and then he turned on me like a fury."

"You're a set of numskulls!" roared the officer of the guard, in great wrath. "After him, and if you do not bring him back, dead or alive, somebody shall pay dearly for this blundering."

One thing prison life had given Henry. That was plenty of rest, and now as he ran through the alleyway and out on the next street he felt as if he could cover ten or twenty miles without stopping.

"They shan't catch me," he told himself. "I'll show them what an American can do when he is put to it."

On account of the darkness and the cold the street was almost deserted, and the few people he met hardly noticed him; doubtless thinking he was merely some soldier hurrying to his quarters after a chilling tour of guard duty on the ramparts.

During the time Henry had been free to come

and go in Quebec he had visited nearly every part of the city, which in those days was far from large. Consequently, he knew where he was and how to turn to get to where he wanted to go.

"I'll have to leave the city to-night, that is certain," he told himself. "In the morning there will be a warning sent out, and to pass any of the guards will be impossible."

But how to get out was a serious problem until he caught sight of a covered wagon drawn by a team of horses, moving slowly toward the gate of St. John. This wagon contained supplies for the hospital, located to the northward, on a bend of the St. Charles River. The supplies were needed at once, hence they were being sent out at night instead of waiting until morning.

Climbing upon the wagon from behind, Henry secreted himself between several boxes and bundles. Neither the driver of the wagon nor his assistant noticed the movement, and in a moment more the wagon was at the gate.

"What wagon is that?" Henry heard a guard call out.

"General Hospital Wagon No. 4," was the answer from the driver. And he showed a slip of paper.

"Right; pass on," answered the guard, and the

gate was opened, the wagon passed through, and then the gate was closed again.

Hardly daring to breathe, the young soldier remained crouched between boxes and bundles, as the wagon jounced over the rough road, deep with snow in some places, and swept bare by the wind in others. Then, when he calculated that half the distance to the hospital had been covered, and they came to another road leading westward, he dropped off behind, and the hospital wagon rolled out of sight without him.

CHAPTER XXIII

FACE TO FACE WITH THE UNEXPECTED

So far Henry had given but scant thought to where he was going. His whole mind had been concentrated on getting away from Quebec, and from those who wished to make him suffer for a crime which he had not committed.

But now, as he stood in the middle of the deserted roadway, with the gloom of night on every side of him, and with a cutting wind blowing the drifting snow into his face, he realized that he must find shelter, and that quickly. He was not accustomed to such a severe winter, and the cold seemed to pierce him like a knife.

At a corner of the roadway stood a signboard, a rough affair, with an arrow pointing to the northeast, and under this the name St. Foy.

"That must lead to one of the outposts," thought the young soldier. "I can't go there. I wonder if there isn't some French farmhouse in this vicin-

ity where they will give me shelter for the night, and some food?"

To keep warm he began to tramp along the road. He had gone but a short distance when he came to a cross road. Here everything was covered with snow, and half blinded by the whirlings of the wind he got onto the cross road without knowing it.

Two miles were covered, and poor Henry was almost exhausted. More than once he thought to sit down and rest. But he realized that this would be madness. "I'd never get up again," he told himself. "It would be the sleep of death!"

At last, when he could scarcely drag one limb after the other, he espied a light shining from the upper window of a small house some distance away. He fairly staggered toward this, and, reaching the house, knocked loudly on the door.

After a moment of silence an upper window was opened, and an old woman peered down from out of her night-cap.

"Who is there, and what is desired?" she asked in French.

"I am freezing!" said Henry in English. "Let me in."

The old women did not understand his words, but she seemed to understand the situation, and soon hobbled downstairs and threw open the door.

Henry almost fell into the kitchen, and sank into a heap before the fire which smoldered in the big chimney-place.

"Poor fellow—and so young!" murmured the old French woman. "He is almost frozen." And she bustled about, stirred up the fire, and put on some fresh sticks of wood, and then made him some hot tea to drink.

It was a good half-hour before Henry felt anything like himself. He was given some bread and butter, and some warmed-up meat and another cup of tea. The old woman plied him with questions, and he had a hard task to make her understand that he wished to remain at the house until daylight. But when he pointed to the fire, and then at himself, and made out as if he was sleeping and snoring, she smiled and nodded her head in assent.

It must be confessed that Henry slept but little that night, even though his couch on a blanket before the smoldering fire was a fairly comfortable one. His brain was racked with the question of what to do on the morrow. Traveling during the daytime would be extremely hazardous, so long as he remained in the English lines, and when he crossed into the French lines the situation would be just as bad.

"And it's too cold to travel at night," he thought dismally.

The morning found the snow coming down at a furious rate, so that the landscape was blotted out on every side. The roadway was drifted high with snow, which lay against the kitchen door to a depth of three feet.

"I reckon I am safe here for the present," thought the young soldier. "Nobody will think of visiting this house during such a snow-storm."

The old woman came down as soon as it was light. She found Henry fixing the fire, and he had already set the pot of water for boiling.

"You are snow-bound," she said, but of course he did not understand her. He gazed thoughtfully out of one of the windows, while she prepared a simple morning meal from her scanty stock of provisions. He wished he could pay her, but could only point to his empty pockets, at which she smiled again, as if that did not matter.

"A good, motherly sort," he told himself. "Mother at home couldn't treat a French soldier any better than this woman is treating me."

The snow-storm kept up for several days, and after that there were fierce high winds, which sent the snow flying and drifting in half a dozen directions at once.

During those days Henry and the old woman were left entirely alone. By an effort on the part of both he learned that she was a widow with a son somewhere in the French army, and that her name was Garrot. She deplored the war, and wished only for peace, no matter which side won.

"And at her age I cannot blame her," thought Henry. "Probably she has lost a great deal by the forages of both armies." And his surmise was correct.

On the morning of the fourth day at the cottage, the young soldier heard firing at a distance. The sounds seemed to come closer at noon, but shortly after that died away utterly.

"Some sort of a skirmish," thought the youth. "Can it be that the French have attacked Quebec?"

On the day following, the sun came out, and the weather moderated greatly. Henry now thought he must set off once more, fearing that some French troopers might appear at any moment. As best he could he thanked Madam Garrot for what she had done for him, and then trudged off.

The young soldier had in mind to move up the river bank a distance of several miles, and then cross the St. Lawrence on the ice. Once in English territory, he would strike out southward, trusting to luck to reach some settlement. He carried a

small stock of provisions, and also a pistol and some powder, which he had begged of the old woman, who seemed, strangely enough, much interested in him.

Henry found walking through the snow as difficult as ever. But after trudging along for half a mile he reached a long stretch which the wind had swept clear, and which he covered with ease. He kept his eyes and ears on the alert, but neither French nor English soldiers appeared to challenge his progress.

That night found the young soldier a good many miles up the St. Lawrence, at a place which had in years gone by been a combined French and Indian settlement. Most of the buildings were burnt down, and the place was entirely abandoned. In searching around he found one part of a log cabin which could be used as a shelter, and into this he crawled, and built a small fire in the half-tumbled-down chimney-place.

"Not much of a tavern," he thought grimly. "But I can be content if I fare no worse during this journey."

His physical distress, even though great, was nothing compared to the trouble he suffered in his mind. He was branded as a thief, and even if he escaped to his home, how was he to clear his name,

and how escape the military judgment meted out to him for the crime? Even if he was allowed to go free, folks would point the finger of scorn at him. And then his mother—he hardly dared to think of her.

"This news will almost kill her," he said to himself. "She always expected so much of me!"

The next day he continued his journey up the river bank. He had now crossed a road where the tracks of several sleighs could be plainly seen, and was on his guard constantly.

It was almost nightfall when Henry reached a large barn located in the middle of a field which was deep with snow. A house had stood near by, but this had been burnt down by the Indians at the outbreak of the war. But some half-burnt sticks of timber were still visible, and some of these he gathered, and build himself a fire at which to thaw out his half-frozen limbs.

The fugitive was utterly worn out, and, having consumed the last of his scant stock of provisions, he wrapped himself up in some hay in the barn, and soon fell asleep.

How soundly he slept Henry did not know until nearly daylight, when the kicking of a horse's hoofs on the side of a stall below awoke him. He lis-

tened intently, and heard several steeds moving about.

"Some French troopers must be around," he reasoned, and his heart almost stopped beating at the thought. With extreme care he peered below. He could see two forms stretched out in the semi-darkness. Listening, he heard snoring from another quarter. Not less than six men were below asleep.

"Now I'm as good as caught," he thought, but an instant after set his teeth hard. No, he would not give in thus easily. He would fight first.

"They must have come in too late to notice the fire I built," he told himself. "But they'll see it when they awaken and start on a tour of discovery. I must get away if I wish to save myself."

There was a small window at one end of the barn, and he found he could drop out and into the snow with ease. But just as he was climbing out another thought came to him—one that amazed even himself, at the risk involved. Why not try to appropriate one of the French troopers' horses, and perhaps a saber and some food as well?

The exposure had made Henry reckless and he did not stop to consider the plan twice. Turning, he found the rude ladder leading to the lower floor and went down to the bottom.

There were exactly seven of the troopers, all burly fellows, and one an under-officer, who was snoring lustily on the top of a feed box.

Henry's first move was to untie the horse nearest to the stable door. The snow had drifted in beneath the door, and this helped to deaden the sounds of the animal's hoofs as it was led outside. Then the young soldier returned and picked up the officer's saber, and also a pistol and a horn of powder and balls. A knapsack was handy, and into this he stuffed a mass of provisions taken from three other knapsacks. The provisions were only army rations, but they were vastly better than nothing.

As Henry slipped from the stable a second time one of the men stirred uneasily and opened his eyes.

"Who is there?" he asked sleepily, in French.

Of course Henry did not answer. Instead, he swung himself into the saddle, which had been left on the steed, and started away from the stable on a gallop. Reaching the rude stone wall of the field, he made the horse take it at a bound, and then continued on his way along the river road.

He had not yet reached some timber ahead of him, when a shot rang out, followed by another, showing that he was discovered. The bullets, however, flew wide of the mark, and soon he felt that

he was practically out of range, for the muskets and pistols of those days did not carry as far, nor as accurately, as do those of modern construction.

"They will be after me," thought the young soldier, as he continued to urge the horse onward, and at the same time fastened the knapsack to his back and the saber to his waist. "Well, if they come, I reckon I can fight for it," he continued, and set his teeth together more firmly than ever.

The timber was gained a few minutes later. Just before passing out of sight between the trees he looked back. Four troopers had left the barn on their horses and were in hot pursuit.

Four troopers were in hot pursuit. — *Page ???.*

CHAPTER XXIV

A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK

FORTUNATELY for Henry, the road through the [illegible] on a slight ridge, which the wind had [illegible] almost free of snow. Here and there the elements had torn down branches, and even trees themselves, but the horse the young soldier rode appeared to know something of steeplechasing and took every obstruction without difficulty.

For a distance of half a mile the way was straight, and looking back he saw the four troopers plainly. They were riding about as fast as himself, but no faster.

"They won't catch me just yet," he reasoned, as he sped onward. "And perhaps I'll soon come to some cross-roads, where I can give them the slip."

Once came another shot, but it did not reach the fugitive, and only made him urge his steed along at a better speed. Then the road began to lead down-

ward from the ridge, and soon Henry found his horse plowing and panting through snow a foot deep, and steadily growing deeper.

Here was cause for fresh alarm, and now the youth's heart beat anxiously. A turn had hidden the troopers from view, but he could hear them shouting to each other, for the horse of one had stumbled over a log, and thrown his rider headlong into a snowbank.

"They've got a chance to get up to me now," thought Henry, as he gazed at his almost exhausted animal. "Oh, if only we could get to some spot where there wasn't so much snow!"

Another turn was ahead, and Henry made for this, hoping it would disclose something to his advantage. It did, for here were three other roads, running in as many different directions.

"Too bad to give up the horse, but I guess it has got to be done," he thought. He turned the horse up one of the side roads and brought him to a standstill under a low-hanging tree. Then he leaped into the branches and gave the steed a smart slap with the flat side of the sabre. "Up with you!" he cried. "Get along!"

Stung by the blow and urged on by the words, the horse gave a leap forward, and started off at a good pace that soon took him out of sight. Then

Henry climbed up into the tree and lay among the branches, hardly daring to breathe.

It was not long before the young soldier heard the French troopers at the cross-roads. They came to a halt, examined the ground, and then put on after the riderless horse, passing directly beneath the tree in which the fugitive was hiding.

"That was a lucky idea," thought Henry, and as soon as the party had passed he slid down out of the tree. He did not take to the road at once, but made a détour through the brushwood, to a point on one of the other roads a quarter of a mile away. Then he struck out bravely once again in the direction of the river.

Henry found trudging along with a knapsack on his back far from easy, and at the end of an hour he was glad enough to seek the shelter of some rocks and trees and rest. The sun was shining brightly, and at a long distance he could make out the frozen surface of the St. Lawrence, glistening in patches like a mirror.

"I suppose I may as well make for the river and cross it here, instead of further up," he mused. "I've got to get to some place before all my supplies give out."

He took his time over the rations which the knapsack afforded, keeping his eyes and ears open for

the possible sound of pursuers. But nobody came near him, and the country for miles around looked absolutely deserted.

The distance to the river was fully as far as it looked, and before half the space was covered Henry was almost exhausted. He had found a deserted farmhouse, and here he rested again, and then resolved to remain at the farmhouse over night.

"One day won't make any difference," he reasoned.

The farmhouse had been looted of all of value, yet a rude table, two benches, and a few old cooking utensils remained, and close at hand was some firewood ready for use. Growing reckless again, the youth started up a fire, and warmed up some of his rations, and also his half-stiffened body.

Slowly the day faded from sight and the stars began to glitter in the sky. It was clear and quiet, and never had the young soldier felt so lonely. His thoughts traveled to home and then to Dave. What would his cousin think of him when he heard of what had happened?

"I'm sure Dave won't think I turned thief," he reflected. "But that won't help me any. Oh, was ever a fellow in such a fix before!"

It was nearly midnight when Henry heard a strange noise outside of the old farmhouse. He

leaped up from his position in front of the fire and gazed out of a window. In the dim light he saw three men approaching on horseback.

"The troopers!" he told himself. He wanted to flee, but there was not time. Gathering up his pistol and saber he fled up the narrow stairs leading to the sloping room above.

In a few minutes the door below was thrown open, and the three men entered. They were talking earnestly, but the sight of the smoldering fire cut short the conversation. Some excited questions followed, and presently one of the men opened the door leading to the stairs.

"Is anybody up there?" he demanded, in French.

Instead of replying, Henry tiptoed his way to a corner of the room. Here was a sheltered nook, between the chimney and the sloping roof, and he squeezed himself into this.

"I say, is there anybody up there?" demanded the Frenchman once more.

He waited a moment and then slammed the door shut. More talking followed, but only an indistinct murmur reached Henry's ears. The young soldier scarcely dared to breathe, and he tried in vain to think of what would be best to do next.

"I reckon I'll have to drop from the window, just as I was going to do at the barn," thought the

youth, but before he could put the plan into execution, the door below was thrown open once more and the Frenchman reappeared, this time with a torch taken from the fire, which he and his companions had started up again.

"I'm in for it now," Henry told himself, and he was right. In a moment more the Frenchman discovered him and drew a pistol.

"Who are you?" he demanded, in his native tongue.

"Don't fire," answered Henry.

"Ha, you are von Englishmans, hey?" cried the Frenchman, and now Henry saw that he was dressed in civilian's clothes.

"Yes, I am an English soldier," answered Henry recklessly. "What do you want of me?"

"You come de stairs down, an' you make me no trouble," was the reply.

As there was no help for it, Henry descended to the ground floor of the farmhouse. The talking had brought the others to their feet and each Frenchman had a pistol drawn as he appeared.

"Jean Bevoir!" gasped Henry, as his eyes rested on one of the newcomers.

"Ha, you know me?" came in return. The trader gazed at Henry sharply, and uttered an imprecation in French. "It ees zat Henry Morris!"

"Henry Morris?" repeated the man who had remained below with Bevoir.

"*Oui,* Chalette;" and then he continued in French: "Do you not remember seeing him at Fort Niagara?"

"Yes. But he is not the Morris who came to the hospital," answered Chalette, who was the prisoner who had escaped with Jean Bevoir, during the powder-house excitement.

"No, this is a cousin—the brother to that little Nell Morris."

"Ah, I see. Is he alone? If he is, we have made a fine haul," was Chalette's comment.

"He is the only person I saw," said the third Frenchman, a hunter named Gasse. "I will look again. You watch this fellow."

"To be sure we shall watch him," cried Jean Bevoir, and at the point of the pistol he disarmed Henry and made him stand up in a corner, facing the wall. The young soldier wanted to fight for his liberty, but saw it was useless, for Chalette also kept his pistol ready for use.

It was not long before Gasse returned, saying that nobody else was anywhere around. Then Henry's hands were bound behind him and he was tied fast to a bench, which was stood up on end for that purpose.

"Now, my fine fellow, you vill tell me how it ees zat you came here," began Jean Bevoir.

"I rode part of the distance and walked the rest," answered Henry, as lightly as he could. He felt it would do him no good to "show the white feather."

"Where did you come from, tell me zat and tell ze truf."

"I came from Quebec, if you want to know so bad."

"Ha, Quebec! You march all ze way from Fort Niagara to Quebec?"

"No, I came part of the way by boat."

"'Tis mooch ze same. Vat ees it zat you do here?"

"That is my own affair."

"You play ze spy on ze French, not so?"

"No, I am not a spy."

"But ze English air not here—za know enough to stay near to Quebec."

"If you must know, I am trying to get home," answered Henry.

"Geet home? You leaf ze army?"

"Yes."

"For vat?"

"I have my reasons."

"You geet afraid of ze French bullets, hey?"

"Perhaps."

"Maybe you haf deserted ze army?" burst out Jean Bevoir, and gave the young soldier a shrewd look from his wicked eyes.

"If I have it is none of your affair, Jean Bevoir. Now let me ask a few questions. How did you get here? Did General Johnson let you go?"

"Yees," answered Bevoir, without hesitation. "He examine me an' say I am free."

The falsehood was told so readily that Henry was staggered by it.

"General Johnson made a mistake to let you free!" he cried. "If this war ever comes to an end, you shall suffer for what you have done."

"Ha, you threaten me, you, von prisonaire!" roared the French trader, shaking his fist in Henry's face.

"You don't deserve your freedom, and you know it."

Bevoir drew a long breath. "Ve vill not talk about zat," he said. "I shall tell ze French commander zat you are von spy—an' Chalette an' Gasse shall tell ze same. You vill soon learn zat ze French know vat to do to ze spy, ha! ha!" And he laughed wickedly.

At these words Henry's heart sank within him. He realized only too well what Bevoir's words

meant. If taken into the French camp as a spy he would most likely be shot.

Truly in breaking out of the guardhouse in Quebec and coming to this place he had leaped "out of the frying-pan into the fire."

CHAPTER XXV

TAKEN AS A SPY

The Frenchmen now began an earnest conversation in their native tongue, and they spoke so rapidly that Henry could understand little of what was being said. But he knew that they were talking about him, and more than once he heard his own name and that of Dave, and of his Uncle James mentioned, and once he heard them mention the trading-post on the Kinotah.

"Jean Bevoir is going to square accounts if he possibly can," thought the young captive dismally. "He is going to make me suffer for all his troubles. How General Johnson could let such a rascal go is more than I can understand."

At length the Frenchmen turned to prepare themselves something to eat, and one went out to care for the horses, which were stabled in a lean-to of the farmhouse. Then Henry's bonds were examined and an additional strap passed over his lower

limbs, after which the bench was let down, that he might lie at full length.

"Now, if you can sleep, you sleep," said Bevoir roughly. "But do not try to get away, or ze bullet from a pistol shall find you verra soon."

The Frenchmen laid down after this, and once again the farmhouse became quiet. Henry tried several times to free himself, but found the task impossible. At last, worn out by the struggle, he too, passed into the land of dreams.

When the captive was released at daybreak he found himself so cramped that he could scarcely stand. His hands were now untied, that he might eat the little breakfast allotted to him, and were then refastened in front of him.

Soon after this the farmhouse was left behind, and the whole party started down the river road single file, Henry taking turns in riding with each of the others. It was still cold and clear, and traveling was by no means easy. Yet the horses were of large build and covered many miles before being halted for midday lunch.

It was nightfall when the camp of a French outpost was discovered, quarter of a mile back from the St. Lawrence, and close to a settlement named Girot, since entirely abandoned. Here some fur traders, well known to Jean Bevoir, had erected

something of a fort and stockade, and the French soldiers had taken possession.

The flare of several camp-fires lit up the outside of the fort, as the prisoner and his captors rode through the stockade gate. Here were assembled several companies of foot soldiers, and half a troop of French cavalry, under the command of Captain Rachepin, a burly fellow, who had won his position by daring work in the campaigns gone by.

"An English prisoner, eh?" he said, as he gazed at Henry. "That makes the third this week. Well, the more the merrier." And without further ado Henry was thrown into a low, dirty hut, that did duty as a prison.

Two other prisoners were already in the hut, one an English grenadier, and the other a ranger from New Hampshire. Both were half starved, and each had been captured while miles away looking for game for their own camp larder.

"Hit's 'ard luck, my boy," sighed the grenadier gloomily. "Hi didn't hexpect nothink like hit when I took the King's shilling, Hi can tell ye that."

"Never seed nothin' like them pesky garlic eaters," said the ranger. "Neow deown ter our camp we treated the prisoners fair an' square, but here—gee shoo! Why, the eatin' aint fit for hogs, let alone human critters!"

"Perhaps they haven't enough for themselves," answered Henry.

"They 'ave that," put in the grenadier. "Hi 'ave seen hit with my hown blessed heyes. But the bloomin' tykes are selfish. They 'ave flip and spruce beer galore, but hit is nothink but cold water fer us, with stale bread an' salt pork as is worse than stale!" And the grenadier heaved a long sigh. "Hif ever Hi git 'ome again, strike me dead hif Hi leave a second time!"

"An' thet aint the wust on it, not by er jugful," continued the ranger, who rejoiced in the name of Pity-All-Sinners Skinner, but was called Pit for short. "When I got ketched I had a'most seven shillin's in my pocket, an' neow I aint got a smell on't, flay 'em!"

"I don't suppose you gave them the money," remarked Henry.

"Gave it to 'em? Not by er jugful! I'll see 'em all drawn an' quartered fust! They took it—stole it plain and simple. But yeou jest wait! This here war aint done yet—an' Pit Skinner aint dead yet nuther!" concluded the ranger, with a wrathful shake of his head.

For several days nobody came near Henry outside of the guard who brought in the miserable prison fare, already mentioned by the grenadier

and the New Hampshire ranger. It was certainly food scarcely fit to eat, and it was a whole day before the young soldier could touch it. But a keen appetite can overcome many objections, and at last he ate just enough to satisfy the intense craving of his stomach. Even the drinking water was poor, and, as Pity-All-Sinners Skinner said, hardly fit for washing.

On the Monday following Henry's arrival at the post a messenger came in with some important dispatches. Following this there was a good deal of bustle and excitement, and soon some guards appeared and told the prisoners to get ready for a journey.

"Where are we going now?" asked Henry, but the guard addressed either could not, or would not, answer the question.

Chained together, hand to hand, the three were made to march from the fort. The foot soldiers of the French were already in the ranks and the prisoners were placed in their midst. Then the little column moved off by fours, up the St. Lawrence, in the direction of Montreal.

"Something has happened, thet's certain," said Skinner. "Looks ter me like a retreat."

The march of the soldiers with their prisoners was kept up for three days, when the outskirts of

Montreal were reached. Then came other dispatches for the commander of the little column, and the prisoners were sent into the city under a guard of six men, while the main body of the soldiery moved eastward again.

At the time of which I write, Montreal, now a large and flourishing city, was but a small town, consisted principally of low one- and two-storied houses, of logs and stone. There were several stores, or rather trading shops and some little shipping during the summer time, along the water-front. The people, mostly Catholics, were very religious and had three churches and also a seminary, which, on account of its towers, could be seen from a great distance.

The defenses of the town were not many, and the place had suffered much from having quartered the army of Montcalm on more than one occasion. During those times the French soldiers had eaten very nearly all the food in sight, leaving the town people to famish. Business and trading were almost at a standstill, and at times even money could not procure the necessities of life.

On entering Montreal Henry saw but little of the place, for he was hurried without ceremony to a stone building which the French had turned into an army prison. In this building were huddled

over a score of prisoners of all descriptions—a motley, half-dressed and half-starved crowd, some grenadiers, some rangers, and some civilians. Everybody in the crowd was out of humor, and groans and curses were frequent. But the prisoners did not dare to talk too loudly, for if they did, a guard would appear and threaten them with solitary confinement in a stone cell under one of the churches.

"What an awful place to stay in," was Henry's mental comment. He found himself pushed hither and thither, while the stench of the prison made him literally sick. "This is Jean Bevoir's work. He will make me suffer as much as he possibly can."

After a good deal of pushing and shoving, Henry found himself in something of an alcove, and here dropped on the bench which was built around two sides of the room. Beside him sat an old soldier, who was suffering from a heavy cold, and who coughed continually.

"It is not fit for a dog here," said the old soldier. "I have been here two weeks, and I know. They mean to kill us all off."

"Two weeks—in this hole!" cried Henry.

"Yes, and that is nothing. Some of the poor fellows have been here three months."

"I couldn't stand it—I'd—I'd die for the want of fresh air."

"And that is what they want you to do. When you die they won't have to feed you any more." The cough of the old soldier grew steadily worse, and, although, at the last moment, a surgeon came and gave him a little medicine, he died eight days later, and was carried away for burial in a trench outside of the town.

Henry had been separated from Pity-All-Sinners Skinner and from the English grenadier, and so knew absolutely nobody in the prison. More than this, no one seemed to care for him, and, if the truth must be told, he likewise cared for nobody. Everybody felt miserable and it was in very truth a struggle to keep body and soul together and to keep from catching some fatal disease.

The young soldier was in the prison over a month before Jean Bevoir came to see him. The French trader could only speak to him through the rudely slatted door and in the presence of the other captives.

"I trust zat you like ze surroundings," said Bevoir, with a sickly grin. "It ees just suited to you, hey?"

"You're a miserable scoundrel, Bevoir!" burst out Henry. "What have you told the commander about me?"

"I haf tole him zat you are a spy an' a verra

deep one, too! Some day, ven he has ze time, he vill bring you up before ze military court."

"And then?" questioned the young soldier.

Jean Bevoir shrugged his lean shoulders.

"Zen you can die ze death of ze spy, and it ees vat you an' all your familee deserve. Ees not zat von pleasant thought, hey?"

And with a sinister leer the French trader moved away from the slatted door and left the prison as rapidly as he had entered it.

As for poor Henry, his feelings can be better imagined than described. Walking to a corner of the cell he threw himself down on the bench, almost overcome. The last door of hope seemed to be shut against him.

CHAPTER XXVI

DAVE'S JOURNEY TO QUEBEC

It was not long after he was lost in the snow, that Dave heard news from Quebec that disheartened him greatly. This was that Henry had been arrested for stealing and was likely to be hanged for the offense.

The news came in through several messengers who arrived at Fort Ontario on important business for General Murray. One of the messengers knew Sam Barringford well, and it was this man who gave the news, first to the old frontiersman and then to Dave.

"Henry arrested for stealing!" exclaimed the young soldier. He could scarcely believe that he heard aright.

"Sorry for you, young man, but it's the truth," was the reply of the messenger, and he gave what few particulars he knew. He had left Quebec before Henry ran away, so knew nothing of this new turn of affairs.

It was to Barringford that the messenger told how Henry was in danger of hanging. "General Murray is bound that looting shall stop," said he. "So some time ago he had notices posted up giving warning that a thief caught in the act would be hanged."

"I'll wager my life on it, Henry aint no thief," said Barringford warmly. "Thet boy is as honest as the day is long."

"I know nothing of that. He is now in prison, or, for all I know, he may be dead."

Barringford considered it his duty to tell Dave of the fate that overhung his cousin, and the two talked the matter over for the best part of a night.

"If I could get to Quebec I'd go," declared Dave. "Perhaps I could do something—if—if——" He wanted to say if it was not too late, but the words stuck in his throat.

"Say the word an' I'll go with ye, Dave," responded Barringford. "Thar don't seem to be no ust o' stayin' here."

"Can we make it, Sam? Quebec is a long distance from here."

"I aint afraid to try it, Dave. I allow as we are goin' to have a spell o' good weather."

"But the Indians?"

"The Injuns don't stir much in the winter. An' if we have our muskets an' a pistol or two I reckon we kin hold our own ag'in 'em."

The upshot of this conversation was that both Dave and the old hunter went to lay the case before their commander the next morning. The general listened patiently to what they had to say.

"To me such an undertaking is foolhardy at this season of the year," said the general. "But if you feel that you really want to go, you have my permission, and I will give you each a paper to that effect. But if you lose your lives in the attempt your friends must not blame me."

Dave and Barringford set off the very next day, in company with two of the messengers, named Grassbrook and Heppy. Both of the messengers were old hunters who knew the trails well, and it was said that Heppy had a trace of Indian blood in him.

The party was two days on its way when they came to the Indian village of Kanankee, presided over by an old chief named Leaping Elk. The Indians were friendly, and the travelers were glad enough to remain with them over night.

In the morning an agreeable surprise awaited Dave. During the night six warriors of the Del-

awares had come in, under the command of White Buffalo.

"White Buffalo!" cried the young soldier. "Where did you come from?"

"From the southward," answered White Buffalo. "And where goes White Buffalo's young friend David?"

"To Quebec—if we can get that far."

"It will take many days to make the journey."

"I suppose so—but that cannot be helped."

Dave then told the Indian chief why he was making the journey. White Buffalo listened attentively and his eyes flashed fire when he heard that Henry had been arrested as a thief.

"The English chief at Quebec is a fool," he said. "My white brother Henry is no thief. I will tell the English chief that to his face. He is a fool."

"I want to save Henry if I possibly can," answered Dave.

"What will David do?"

"I don't know yet. But I have some letters that tell of Henry's bravery in battle, and those may help him."

White Buffalo was silent after this and had but little to say while supper was being prepared and eaten. But before he retired for the night he came to Dave again.

"Would my white brother like White Buffalo to go with him to Quebec?" he asked.

"Oh, White Buffalo, that is asking a good deal of you!"

"Then White Buffalo may go?"

"If you want to go, certainly. But—but—haven't you anything else to do?"

At this the Indian chief shook his head sadly.

"No, White Buffalo has nothing much left. His tribe is split and broken. Some have gone to the French, many are dead, or wounded, or sick. Six warriors only remain, but they are of the best, and they have sworn by the Great Spirit to stay with their chief to the finish. Let us go with you, and if we meet unfriendly Indians, or the French, we will do what we can to defend you."

"Now ye air talkin' right from the heart!" cried Sam Barringford, as he caught White Buffalo's hand. "Come on by all means. Ye air the whitest Injun I ever seed!" And his face glowed with satisfaction, which pleased White Buffalo greatly.

The journey was resumed as soon as the sun was fairly up. White Buffalo now took the lead, in company with Heppy, and the others followed on behind in close order.

White Buffalo had been over this ground but a short time before, and knew even a better trail than

did the messengers from General Murray. He also knew where the snow was lightest, and took them along a ridge where the walking was by no means bad.

For several days the journey proceeded without interruption. Not a sign of Indians or French was seen, and the landscape at times looked utterly deserted. Occasionally, when they passed through a patch of woods, or through the forest, they would stir up some wild animal, and they were never without game for a meal all the time they were on the trip.

Half the journey to Quebec was accomplished when there came a light fall of snow, followed by a wind that for twenty-four hours constantly increased in violence. For several hours they kept on in this wind, but as last both the whites and the Indians called a halt.

"White Buffalo knows of shelter close to this spot," said the Indian chief. "We had best go there, and wait until the mighty wind has fallen."

All willingly followed White Buffalo to the shelter, which was the under side of a hollowed-out cliff, fronted by some heavy brush and a row of saplings. Here all set to work to clear out a space for themselves and another for a camp-fire, for the wind made the air seem much colder.

Several of the men were taking it easy on some boughs they had cut, while the others were huddled around the camp-fire, warming up, and preparing something to eat, when the wind arose with greater violence than ever. It was a winter "fall," as it is called in that territory, and it whistled and shrieked with a fury that caused more than one in the party to spring to his feet in alarm.

"By gum! This aint no June zephyr!" declared Barringford, as he gazed from the shelter with an anxious look on his bronzed face. "It's a reg'lar fall, thet's wot it is!"

"High wind, truly," put in White Buffalo. "Great Spirit knock down many trees that are proud."

The Indian chief had scarcely spoken when there came another whirl, which caused the camp-fire to fly in several directions. Then, before anybody could run away, there followed a crash on top of the cliff and then one in front of it.

"The trees are coming down!" yelled Dave.

"We must git out—we'll be buried under the cliff!" came from Barringford.

As both spoke they tried to leave their dangerous quarters. But the movement came too late. With a thud the tree that had stood above them came down in front of the opening, and an instant later

another tree before the cliff landed on top of the first.

A huge branch caught both Dave and Barringford and hurled them flat. Then came another crash, and Dave found himself buried under small stones and dirt, and for the moment he felt as if the end of the world had come.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE ATTACK OF THE FRENCH

"DAVE! are ye alive?"

"I—I—reckon so, Sam—bu—but I am not sure!"

"We must git out o' here, or we'll run the danger o' being burnt up!"

Barringford was right; already the scattered camp-fire, aided by the high wind, was commencing to set fire to the tree limbs that rested under the cliff.

On Dave's breast was a mass of small stones, dirt, and snow, and it was with difficulty that he managed to sit up. Then he discovered that one leg was held down tightly by a branch of one of the fallen trees.

"I'm in a regular bear trap," he panted.

"Both legs, lad?"

"No, only the left."

"I'll free ye," answered the old frontiersman, and set to work immediately.

He was still laboring when White Buffalo crawled over the fallen trees toward them. Close at hand the flames were springing up, but the Indian stamped them out. Then he chopped away at the limb, and soon Dave was released.

"Are the others safe?" asked the young soldier. "I had an idea we would all be killed."

All were out of the wreckage but one Indian and Heppy the messenger. These two had been lying under a large rock, which had loosened, and it was at first supposed that both were dead, but then came a faint cry for help.

"They are in a hollow tree under the rock," said Grassbrook.

Such proved to be the case, and then arose the question of how the unhappy pair might be released.

"We must put out all the fire first," said Barringford, and this was done, the flames being fought with flat sticks and with chunks of snow and dirt.

As soon as the last of the fires were extinguished, the large rock resting over the hollow was examined. There was an opening to the space below, so the prisoners beneath did not suffer from the want of air.

"We are both all right," announced Heppy. "But we want to get out."

"We must pry the rock off the hollow," said Barringford.

Two long and heavy poles were cut for that purpose, and despite the wind and the cold, the whole party set to work to move the big rock from its resting place. The poles were placed under other rocks, acting as fulcrums, and all of those who could "get in line" were pressed into service.

"Hurrah! it is moving!" cried Dave.

He was right, and after straining for a minute more the huge rock rolled over and went crashing into another hollow below.

When Heppy and the Indian came out of the hole it was found they were somewhat bruised, but otherwise all right.

The wind still blew strongly, but the fury of the blast had spent itself, and they easily made themselves safe under the fallen trees, after looking to it that the giants of the forest were in no danger of rolling over and crushing them.

The next day found them again on the journey. They now skirted a valley where, in a sheltered spot, they saw a herd of deer. Two of the animals were laid low by Barringford and White Buffalo, and these gave them meat until the trip came to an end.

It was nearly the last of March when the party

came in sight of the St. Lawrence, almost opposite to Quebec. An English outpost was not far distant, and they marched to this, where they were promptly challenged by a sentry, and escorted under guard to the officer in command.

"You have come a long distance, truly," said the officer, after examining the passes they carried. "It is more of a journey than I should wish to take in such weather as this."

"May I ask if you have had any battles with the French since Quebec was taken?" asked Dave.

"Not of much account. They tried to rout us out once or twice, but we beat them off easily. There is, however, a rumor that they intend to descend upon us in force early this spring, so if you remain here a while you may see more fighting."

The ice on the river was now breaking up, and Dave and the others, after bidding a temporary farewell to White Buffalo and his followers, crossed the stream in a bateau which the English officer loaned them. They were soon on the opposite shore, and half an hour later found them in Quebec, and on the way to General Murray's local headquarters.

Dave and Barringford had a good hour to wait before they could see the English commander, for General Murray had just received additional news concerning the expected attack by the French.

"Who are you and what do you wish?" demanded the general, tersely, as they came in.

Dave speedily introduced himself and Barringford, and handed the commander the letter he had brought from Fort Oswego, which Murray glanced over hastily.

"You are a cousin to Henry Morris, eh?" he said slowly.

"Yes, sir. May I ask have you—is he—he—still in prison?"

"Why shouldn't he be in prison?" questioned the general keenly.

"I thought perhaps that you—you had punished him. They told me, sir, that you had issued an order——" Dave tried to go on, but could not. "Oh, sir," he burst out, "he is not guilty! I am sure he is no thief!"

"Were you afraid I had put that order of mine into execution against him?" questioned General Murray, and now his tone was kindlier.

"I was, sir! That is why I came here—to save him if I can! He is such a good fellow—he wouldn't steal from anybody."

"That's the truth, general," put in Barringford. "I've known him from a babby, an' he's as honest as they grow 'em. Thar must be some mistake somewhar. Can't Henry explain himself?"

"He has not tried," answered General Murray dryly.

"Hasn't tried?" ejaculated Dave. "Why, what——"

"He escaped from prison and left Quebec some time ago."

"Is it possible!" came from Dave, his face full of conflicting emotions.

"Do you mean to say the boy up an' run away?" came from Barringford.

"Yes."

Both Dave and the old frontiersman shook their heads at this. The news was so unexpected it stunned them.

"I am half inclined to believe that he was not guilty," went on General Murray. "I have learned that one of the fellows mixed up in the affair, a soldier named Prent, has a bad reputation, and one of Prent's friends, Harkness, is a man who once served time in a Scotch prison. More than this, I received a letter from some party unknown, which would tend to prove that Henry Morris was the victim of circumstances or a plot." And here the general drew out the letter already given in full in a former chapter.

"And nothing has been seen or heard of Henry since he ran away from here?" asked Dave.

"Nothing. How he got out of Quebec is unknown, and it is barely possible that he may be in hiding here, although I do not think so. He was foolish to run away."

"But wouldn't you run away if you were afraid of being hanged?" asked Dave quickly.

At this a faint smile crossed General Murray's face. He was still a young man, and he could understand Dave's feelings fully.

"It would be better to stay and face a trial—especially if innocent," he said evasively; and after a few words more they were excused.

"I don't know whether to be glad or sorry," remarked Dave, as he and Barringford walked down the street. "What do you say, Sam?"

"I'd rather see Henry run than be hanged," was the answer. "But it gits me whar he went, especially in the freezin' cold weather. I hope he didn't git lost in the snow and froze to death."

Both Dave and Barringford soon found that Quebec was in a state of suppressed excitement. Alarms had been frequent, and now General Murray felt certain that an attack by the French would not be long delayed.

In this the young commander was correct. The French leader, Lévis, angry to think that Vaudreuil, the Governor-General, would not march on

the city immediately after the English took possession, chafed all winter with his troops to do the enemy battle.

But the Governor-General was cautious. He knew that General Amherst, at Crown Point, only wanted a chance to fall upon Montreal, and so it was at Montreal that the French army gathered, and here the majority of them remained until early in April.

Presently came in reports that the English had lost many men by desertion and through sickness, and that Amherst at Crown Point could not yet think of moving, and Vaudreuil at length consented to listen to Lévis.

"We shall never have a better opportunity than now," said General Lévis. "Murray is at present cut off from all outside supplies. If we wait until summer comes he will obtain re-enforcements from England, Boston, or New York, and then we will have a task that may be beyond us."

Lévis had his way, and at once the sleepy town of Montreal awoke to life. The colonists who had been allowed to go home on furlough were recalled, drills were had daily, and large quantities of army stores were collected. Some troops demurred at what was required of them, but Vaudreuil was firm, and told them that they must either fight or suffer death.

It was decided to descend upon Quebec by way of the river, and for this purpose two frigates, two sloops-of-war, and a perfect swarm of bateaux and other small craft were pressed into service. The army numbered about six thousand men, and was, further down the St. Lawrence, increased to over eight thousand.

Some distance above Quebec is the small stream of Cap-Rouge, which flows into the St. Lawrence, and just beyond this is the settlement of St. Augustin. Amid much difficulty, for the river was still full of floating ice, the army, half perished with the cold, landed at St. Augustin, built a temporary bridge over the Cap-Rouge, and marched forward on the English outpost at Old Lorette.

It is likely that the outpost was taken somewhat by surprise, and after a lively skirmish the English garrison fell back to St. Foy, where active preparations were made to combat the French as soon as they should appear.

Had nature permitted it, it is possible that St. Foy would have fallen as quickly as did Old Lorette, for the marching enemy was strong in numbers. But as General Lévis advanced, through a long stretch of dangerous marshland, a heavy thunderstorm came on, and the rain descended in torrents. To this difficulty was added the darkness at

night, and foot soldiers and troopers floundered about, scarcely knowing where they were going.

The delay had aided the English, and when, the next morning, the French appeared in front of St. Foy, they found the village fortified with cannon. There was an assault, and the French were driven back, and then Lévis, not knowing how few English soldiers were really intrenched before him, determined to wait until night before meeting the English again.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN THE RANKS ONCE MORE

Dave and Barringford had found quarters with some rangers down near the river front, and here the two remained day after day, each wondering what they had best do next.

"I don't feel much like returning to Oswego," said the young soldier. "I want to hear something from Henry before I do that."

"That's jest my way o' looking at it, Dave," answered the old frontiersman. "But it don't seem like we was to hear a word, does it?"

"I can't imagine where Henry went to, Sam. If he left Quebec he would be almost certain to fall into the hands of the French or their murderous Indian allies."

Several of the rangers had work to do along the river front, and this lasted until late one Saturday night. Dave and Barringford had been helping the men at their task, but when it was finished the young

soldier did not feel in the humor to retire, and he and Barringford sat in a little watch-house, the frontiersman smoking and both talking over the past, until it was well after midnight.

Down the dark stream floated huge cakes of ice and masses of driftwood, for the day had been rather warm and had freed much that had before been ice-bound. As the two gazed out at this they were suddenly aroused by a faint cry for help.

"What's that?" asked Dave.

"Somebuddy callin'," answered Barringford, peering forth on the river.

The cry was repeated, in a French voice, and then, at a great distance from shore, they made out the form of a man stretched flat on a big mass of drifting ice.

"Some soldier!" ejeculated Dave. "More than likely he is half dead from the cold."

"If we had a boat we might save him," said Barringford.

Both rushed around to see if a boat was handy, and their actions aroused a number of others near the watch-house.

In the meantime the mass of ice had drifted further down the St. Lawrence, to where the frigate *Racehorse* lay in her dock. The watch on the deck

of the frigate also heard the sufferer and saw him put up an arm pleadingly.

"A castaway, sir," said the sailor, running to Captain Macartney.

"Where?" demanded the master of the *Racehorse.*

"On a cake of ice, sir. He is about frozen."

Captain Macartney wasted no time in ordering a small boat to the rescue, and, running along the shore, Dave and Barringford saw the man brought in and taken aboard of the frigate.

The man who was rescued proved to be a French cannoneer. At first he could not speak, but after being warmed up he let out the information that, while trying to land at Cap-Rouge with a number of others, the boat had been upset. He was closely questioned, and the news was obtained that General Lévis was marching upon Quebec with all possible speed, with a view to catching Murray unawares.

"Our commander must know of this at once," said the master of the *Racehorse,* and he had some of his sailors carry the rescued Frenchman on a litter to General Murray's headquarters at three o'clock Sunday morning.

Soon the drums and bugles were sounding, and Dave and Barringford, who had retired to sleep after seeing the Frenchman rescued, leaped up with

the other soldiers. "The French are marching on Quebec!" was the cry. "They have already attacked the outposts at Lorette!"

By daybreak Murray was on the move, with about a thousand men and several pieces of cannon. Most of the field-pieces had to be pulled by the soldiers themselves, and when Dave and Barringford asked for permission to join the outgoing army, a captain of artillery immediately pressed them into service.

"Ye can't go as soldiers," he said, with a grin. "But come on as horses, and welcome."

"I'm not afraid to do it," responded Dave quickly, and caught hold of the long rope, and seeing this Barringford did the same.

A nasty, cold rain was falling, and though sixteen men were dragging at the rope of each piece of artillery, it was all they could do to move the cannon through the mud and slush. Sometimes some of the soldiers would drop out and others would take their places, but Dave and Barringford stuck to their posts.

It was not long before St. Foy was reached. The garrison was being hotly pressed by the French when General Murray's artillery opened a fire on the enemy, driving them back with considerable loss.

"Make 'em run!" was the English cry, and soon

the foot soldiers were charging straight past the town. Dave and Barringford were in this charge, and for ten minutes were exposed to a raking fire from two sides. Neither was struck, although Barringford had the sleeve of his coat torn by a bullet.

But Murray knew that the French outnumbered him, and that it would be foolish just then to try to hold St. Foy. His object was to offer protection to the various garrisons falling back on the city, and in this he was successful. Soon St. Foy was abandoned, and the church, containing a large amount of military stores, blown up.

The fight had been a hard one, and when the men got back to Quebec, some of them were half perished with the wet and cold. Dave himself was in a shiver, and when a big bonfire was lit in a public square he got as close to it as possible to dry and warm himself.

Although he had fallen back on Quebec, General Murray did not intend to remain there. He felt that the walls of the city were in no condition to withstand a bombardment at the hands of Lévis, and that to raise earthworks outside would be an almost impossible task, owing to the half-frozen condition of the ground.

"If we remain here we shall have to stand

a long siege," said he to his fellow-officers. "Lévis is exhausted by his forced marches. Let us fall upon him without delay."

Officers and soldiers were willing to meet the French, and some even left the hospital that they might take part in the coming contest. All was bustle and excitement, and soon Murray had around him his whole force of about three thousand soldiers.

The march forward was as tiresome as the one to St. Foy had been. Five hundred men dragged twenty-four pieces of artillery and the tumbrils containing the ammunition. In spots the cannon and carts sank down hub-deep, and had to be pried out with logs and poles. More than one soldier fell into a hole up to his waist and had to be dragged out to save him from being frozen to death.

"It's no fun, that is sure," said Dave, as he puffed for breath. He had hold of the rope attached to a cannon.

"We long ago made up our minds thet war wasn't fun, Dave," answered Barringford, who was just in front of him, and also on the rope.

Besides the grenadiers and artillery there were with Murray a company of rangers under Hazen and another company of volunteers under MacDonald. The rangers and volunteers were on the left

flank, and with these went Dave and his old friend when the time came for battle.

The English army had reached the ground occupied by Montcalm when the French general was shot down, and here they came to a temporary halt. In the meantime General Lévis was moving from St. Foy to a ridge of ground known as Sillery Wood. He had not yet had time to place his whole army in position.

"Now is the time to strike," said General Murray, and he ordered another advance.

In a moment more the cannon spoke up, followed by the continued rattle of musketry. The onslaught was a fierce one, and in certain quarters the French were seen to give way. The smoke of battle was thick, and cannon ball and bullet often sent the mud and slush flying in all directions.

"The French are retreating!" was the cry a little later, and again the English troops pressed forward. But this surmise was incorrect. The enemy were merely taking a new position, and soon the English found themselves at a disadvantage, having given up a stretch of high ground for one which was low and uncertain.

The left flank of the army had been brought up close to the edge of a wood, and soon the French began to pour into the ranks a deadly fire that laid

many a soldier low. Not far away were two block-houses, and these were filled with Canadian sharp-shooters, who began to pick off the officers one after another.

"We must take the block-houses," was the order received, and the volunteers rushed at one strong-hold, while the rangers rushed at the other.

The din of battle was now terrific, and for a few moments Dave could scarcely hear when spoken to, or when a command was given. Bullets were flying in all directions, and he was struck twice, once in the fleshy part of the arm, and once in the little finger of his left hand. Barringford was also hit in the shoulder, but kept on fighting, regardless of the loss of blood.

"Up and at them!" was the constant cry. "Up and at them!" And then the volunteers made straight for one of the block-houses, and in a few minutes the enemy were retreating with all possible speed.

But the block-house could not be held, for the French were now moving on the rangers and volunteers in a larger number than before. The white uniforms covered the edge of the wood, and in a minute the command to which Dave and Barringford had attached themselves was almost surrounded.

"We can't hold this nohow," came from Barringford, who was re-loading his smoking musket. "Them Frenchm——"

"Down!" cried Dave, and shoved the old frontiersman backward. Then came a report from behind the block-house, and Barringford pitched over on his side and lay as one dead.

Dave's musket was up in an instant, and taking careful aim he fired. He hit the man who had brought Barringford low, and the Frenchman went back with a ball through his breast.

"We must get out of here!" was the cry a few minutes later, and the retreat was sounded.

Dave bent over Barringford and found the frontiersman still breathing. He was shot in the head, just above the right ear, and covered with blood.

"Oh, if he only lives!" thought the young soldier. The idea of losing his old friend was too horrible to contemplate. Slinging his musket over his shoulder, he raised Barringford in his arms and gazed around helplessly.

"I'll help ye, boy!" cried a ranger, who was running past, and he took hold of Barringford's lower limbs, while Dave took him under the arms. Thus they ran a hundred yards or more, when two other volunteers came to their assistance, and Barring-

Dave's musket was up in an instant. — *Page 268.*

ford was carried to the rear, and, later on, back to the general hospital.

But the fighting was not yet at an end, and it continued for half an hour longer, the English doing their best to drive Lévis from the strong position he now occupied. But this was impossible, and at last General Murray's army began to move back to Quebec, keeping the retreat well covered.

"The victory is ours!" came the French cry, and they started in pursuit. But General Lévis soon saw that the English were not retreating in disorder, and so ordered his soldiers to hold the ground they had gained and go no further.

CHAPTER XXIX

DARK DAYS

The days to follow the battle just described were gloomy enough, both for Dave and for the little army now assembled at Quebec.

All told, General Murray had lost, in killed, wounded and missing, about a thousand men, or one-third of his force, while the loss to the enemy was estimated at about the same. In addition, the English had lost some cannon and also some of their ammunition and muskets. When the army got back to Quebec it was thoroughly exhausted, and the men were hardly fit for work of any kind. Confusion reigned supreme, and had Murray permitted it, there would have been a panic and perhaps the place would have been abandoned.

"The jig is up," said more than one soldier. "We must surrender, or else the French will either bombard us or starve us out."

But General Murray was not so easily daunted,

and soon brought a semblance of order out of apparent chaos. The wounded were cared for, and those able to work were immediately set to the task of fortifying Quebec from every available point. Bags were filled with sand and placed at the gates, and the cannon were planted so as to command every approach. Even the convalescent in the hospital had to do their share by making wadding for the cannon. Soldiers who would not obey orders were promptly disciplined, and one man who was caught plundering a house was promptly hanged as a thief.

This public execution brought to Dave's mind the fate that hung over Henry. Would his cousin come back, and, if so, what would General Murray do to him? This thought made Dave shiver.

"He is certainly very stern," thought the young soldier. "And unless Henry can clear himself it will surely go hard with him. But perhaps Henry is is dead!" And he shook his head sorrowfully.

Dave had gone with Barringford to the general hospital and seen to it that the old frontiersman had every attention. At first he was afraid Barringford was going to die in a few days, but now the surgeon in attendance held out a faint hope of his recovery.

"But he was hard hit," said the surgeon. "An

inch nearer, and the bullet would have passed through his brain."

For days Barringford lay unconscious, knowing nobody and breathing heavily. During that time Dave came to see him as often as permitted, and had his own wounds dressed. The young soldier had lost the end of his little finger, but he counted this as nothing in comparison with his other troubles. "I'd rather lose the hand than see Sam go," was what he told himself.

General Lévis lost no time in strengthening his position around Quebec. Extra cannon were sent for, and the French commander waited anxiously for some news of a French warship which was expected.

"If he gets the help of a fleet we are doomed," said more than one English officer, and a watch was set, to announce the coming of any sail up the St. Lawrence. At the same time, the cannon planted on the walls of Quebec did all they possibly could to make Lévis keep his distance, and prevent him from throwing up the intrenchments he so much desired.

"A ship is in sight!" was the cry that was raised in the city on the ninth day of May. "A ship! A ship!"

"What is she?" was the question asked.

This could not, as yet, be answered, and General Murray lost no time in making his way to where a good look could be had of the lower St. Lawrence. Sure enough, there was a large ship, but without a flag.

"Hoist the colors at Cape Diamond!" ordered the English commander, and the flag was raised without delay. In the meantime the warship came closer and could be seen to be crowded with men. Would she prove to be a friend or an enemy?

Slowly the flag mounted to the masthead, and unfurled to the breeze. It was the red cross of St. George.

"'Tis our own ship! Quebec is saved! Huzza! huzza!" was the cry, and almost immediately the soldiers went wild with joy, some dancing on the ramparts of the city, in full view of the much-chagrined French, who had hoped the vessel would prove to be one of their own.

Soon the ship, the *Lowestoffe*, was firing a royal salute, to which the city batteries replied with vigor, the gunners making the river and rocky cliffs echo and re-echo with their glad tidings. In the city the grenadiers marched, sang, and drank toasts, and the gloom of the days gone by was dispelled as if by magic.

The ship that had come in brought news of an

English fleet which was expected to reach Quebec in a few days. In desperation Lévis began an immediate attack on the city, but with poor success. Then he assembled his own ships of war, but six in number, and waited bravely for the coming of the English vessels.

It was the middle of May when the English fleet sailed up the river. The battle on the water was of short duration, although the French sailors fought desperately against overwhelming odds. Seeing they could not win, one vessel threw her guns overboard and sailed away and the others ran into the mud flats, where their crews set fire to them, and escaped by wading and in small boats.

"The day is ours; Lévis cannot stand this defeat on the water," said General Murray, and he was right. The loss of the warships carried consternation into the camp of the French, and that very night they began to retreat, the English sending shot and shell after them to hasten their departure. In their hurry they left many cannon, muskets, and army stores behind them.

"That was a victory worth the winning," said Dave, as he marched out, several days later, to help bring in some of the abandoned army stores. "A few more like that and I reckon the French will leave Quebec alone."

"Well, we aint got so all-fired much to crow about," answered one of the rangers who was working near. "Things looked mighty black all around afore them ships hove in sight."

"What do you suppose the French commander will do next?" asked Dave, for he knew that the ranger, although not a well-spoken man, was a clever fellow.

"I don't see how he kin do anything but fall back on Montreal," answered the ranger. "We'll blockade the St. Lawrence on him, an' sooner or later the army at Oswego will be a-comin' this way, and the army from Crown Point, an' he'll have to look out for himself right sharp."

A few days after this talk Dave called again upon Barringford. He found the old frontiersman conscious, but somewhat out of his head, the effect of the bullet wound. Barringford did not know him at first.

"Seems to me I know ye," he said slowly. "But it's beyond me—a long way off. Air ye Henry, or Dave, or thet Jameson boy?"

"I'm Dave, Sam. Don't you know me?"

"Dave, eh?" The sufferer took the hand held out to him. "All right, Dave, ef it's you. But why did ye shoot me in the head? I thought better o' you than thet, yes, I did!"

"I didn't shoot you, Sam; it was a Frenchman did that, and I laid the Frenchman low for it."

"Did ye? Queer, I should think you shot me." Barringford tried to collect his thoughts, but failed. "Mighty bad place this," he went on. "Folks shoving me all day an' all night, an' tryin' to drive wooden pins into my head." And then he sank back and dozed off.

"Will he remain this way?" asked Dave of the surgeon, his heart fairly aching for his old friend.

The surgeon shrugged his shoulders. "Let us hope not, my lad."

"But they do sometimes, is that what you mean?" questioned the young soldier quickly.

"I am sorry to say that is true. You see, the bullet grazed the brain. If he recovers it will be very slowly."

"Can I do anything for him?"

"No, we are doing all that can be done."

"This is not a very nice place."

"As soon as the weather moderates we will transfer him to a hospital on the Island of Orleans. There the accommodations will be much improved, and I will see to it personally that he has every attention."

"If you will do that, sir, I shall be very thankful.

He is one of my best and closest friends. I do not want to leave him unless I am certain he is in the best of hands."

"Leave him? Do you mean you are going away?"

"I belong to the army at Fort Oswego, and my furlough is running out, so I must get back, if I possibly can," answered Dave.

What he said was true. He had already remained at Quebec longer than intended. The very next day found him going back to Fort Oswego, in company with eight rangers and an English officer. The officer belonged to General Amherst's staff, and from him Dave learned, later on, that Amherst himself was going to take charge of the expedition to move against Lévis at Montreal, by way of Lake Ontario and the rapids of the upper St. Lawrence.

The particulars of the trip back to Fort Oswego need not be given here, for nothing out of the ordinary occurred during the journey, which, because of one delay and another, lasted over two weeks. While still eight miles from the fort the little expedition was joined by forty Indians who were, much to Dave's astonishment, under the leadership of White Buffalo.

"Why, White Buffalo, I thought your braves

had deserted you!" cried the young soldier, after the first greeting was over.

"The old braves of my tribe have come back to their reason," answered the Indian chief, with a smiling face. "They have learned that the French are their enemies, and gave their word only to break it. Henceforth they will fight under White Buffalo and Sir William Johnson to the end."

"That is certainly good news," said Dave. "I suppose you are going to rejoin Sir William at Fort Oswego."

"Yes, and we bring with us an old Indian who knows the swift waters of the St. Lawrence, if the great Sir William sees best to move upon the enemy by that course."

"Most likely he will move down the St. Lawrence, White Buffalo. But I have heard the rapids are very swift, and more than one man has lost his life trying to shoot them."

The want of news about Henry, and the sad tidings concerning Barringford hurt White Buffalo greatly, and he did not hesitate to show his feelings.

"'Tis a black cloud hanging over us," he said. "May the Great Spirit roll it away, bringing Henry back to us unharmed, and lifting the Demon Spirit from Barringford's mind."

CHAPTER XXX

THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

AUGUST of the year 1760 found General Amherst at Oswego with a force of ten thousand men, consisting of royal grenadiers, Colonial militia and rangers and volunteers. To this body was also attached over seven hundred Indians, under the leadership of Sir William Johnson.

In the meantime the troops at Crown Point had been left under the command of General Haviland. They were ordered to move forward without delay, and Haviland did so, his force numbering a little over three thousand soldiers of all sorts, including the now celebrated Rogers' Rangers. The first point of attack was Isle-aux-Noix, fortified by the French under Bougainville. Here the English were victorious, and then the enemy were followed to St. John and Chambly, and by the activity of the rangers were compelled to give way once more,

this time seeking the protection of the St. Lawrence. Haviland now awaited the coming of Amherst, and at the same time communicated with General Murray at Quebec, with a view to a threefold attack on Montreal.

General Amherst lost no time in getting his army afloat. It mustered several ships, and a bewildering number of bateaux and rowboats, while the Indians moved down the lake in their canoes. The larger boats carried many cannon and a great quantity of ammunition, and it was felt by all that Amherst's advance would surely be one to victory.

During the days spent in Oswego getting ready for this trip, a slight ray of hope had come to Dave. This was the news that at Montreal were a number of English prisoners, captured on the battlefield, or while at work in the vicinity of Quebec.

"Perhaps Henry was captured," he thought. "And if he was he may be in a Montreal prison at this minute."

Dave had returned to his old command, and his fellow soldiers did all they could to comfort him. All knew Henry and Barringford well, and many were the words of sympathy poured into the young soldier's ears. Nobody believed that Henry was a

thief, yet none could tell what General Murray would do if the missing one was found.

"One thing is certain, Morris," said one old soldier. "Henry's past record is in his favor. We can all swear that he was honest while he was with us."

While the army was floating down the lake the weather proved fair, and La Galette was reached without mishap. Here a French brig named the *Ottawa* was sighted. She began firing on the army transports while they were yet at a distance.

"This will not do," said General Amherst, and had several of his gunboats attack the brig. The fight was sharp, but likewise short, and soon the French ship struck her colors. A few of the crew escaped to the shore, but the others were made prisoners.

The rapids of the St. Lawrence were now close at hand, and General Amherst was considering the problem of how to get his expedition through in safety, when a new peril presented itself.

On an island in the river, just above the rapids, was Fort Lévis, well fortified, and now under the command of Captain Pouchot, he who had commanded at Fort Niagara the year previous. Pouchot was awaiting anxiously for a chance to "even up" his defeat at Niagara, and no sooner did

the leading boats of Amherst's fleet appear than he opened a heavy fire on them.

"So this is the game," said General Amherst. "Well, I think I can wait long enough to put you out of the fight."

He at once landed a portion of his army and some cannon on the river bank, and on some near-by islands, and began that very day to cannonade Fort Lévis with vigor.

"What a noise!" said Dave, and he was right; the din was terrific, for the French replied with vigor. The fort was composed principally of logs and dirt, which the cannon balls sent flying in all directions. The soldiers had but little to do, and Dave sat in the top of a tall tree watching proceedings.

The bombardment of the fort continued for three days, when the stronghold was more than half battered to pieces. Pouchot, seeing he could not hold out, at last surrendered, and he and his brave men became prisoners.

The Indians under General Johnson had waited patiently for the surrender of the French, and when they saw the flag go down many of them rushed for their canoes, their intention being to visit the fort, and kill and scalp Pouchot and those around him. But Sir William Johnson would not allow this.

"You must stay back; there will be no scalping here," he said.

"No scalping!" cried a hundred voices at once. "We must have scalps or we will not fight," said others; and thereupon more than half of the Indians withdrew from the expedition in disgust.

Dave was glad to see that White Buffalo had not taken part in the attempted rush on the French after the surrender. But when he spoke of it to the chief the Indian hardly knew how to answer.

"White Buffalo cannot understand," he said at last. "Ten of his braves have left. The French are our bitter enemies—then why not kill and scalp them? The great Sir William must know what is best—but the poor Indian cannot understand."

"It isn't Christian-like, that's why, White Buffalo. After an enemy gives in we ought to treat him fairly and squarely."

"The French would let their Indians kill and scalp you, David."

"Perhaps; but two wrongs don't make a right," answered the young soldier. "War is war, but we needn't make it any worse than is necessary."

With the fall of Fort Lévis, the army under Amherst moved on again down the St. Lawrence. Soon the rapids of the Galops, the Plat, the Long Saut, and the Côteau du Lac came into view, fol-

lowed by the Cedars, the Buisson, and the Cascades.

"That water is running mighty fast," said Dave to the others as he watched the rolling river, glistening brightly in the sunshine. "Unless I am mistaken, the current is powerful."

"You are not mistaken," replied an old ranger, who sat near the youth. "These rapids are almost as bad as the rapids of the Niagara. I tried to go through 'em once, six years ago, and I know. There were four of us in the canoe, which upset, and one of the party was drowned while the other three were almost dead before we got back to shore."

"Well, the French and Indian pilots ought to know how to direct the boats," put in another soldier. "General Amherst has several of the best of them."

On and on swept the long line of boats, stretching out for a distance of over two miles. The progress was growing faster and faster as the fierce current just above the worst of the rapids caught hold of one boat after another.

The craft in which Dave was seated was a long, broad, flat-bottomed affair, containing twelve men, an under officer, and a small stock of ammunition. Two men were at the sweeps, or oars, following the directions of the officer, who stood in the bow,

directing them to the right or the left as occasion required.

"There is surely going to be trouble!" whispered Dave, when a shrill cry came from ahead. Looking in that direction they saw a boat had hit on the rocks, and that half of the occupants were struggling in the water, which boiled and foamed all around them.

"To the right! To the right!" yelled the officer in the bow. "Be quick, or we'll run them down, and smash our own boat!"

"Can't we help 'em, leftenant?" queried one of the soldiers.

Before an answer could be given, the boat had swerved to the right and was sliding past the hidden rocks. One soldier in the water made a frantic clutch for the passing craft, and caught hold of a but of tarpaulin which covered the ammunition.

"Hold tight, I'll pull you in!" sang out Dave, and with the assistance of another soldier he pulled the suffering one on board of the boat. Then the craft swept onward toward another soldier, and he was likewise assisted. But the rest had to be left behind, to shift for themselves. All but two were picked up by other boats in the rear. Of the two one managed to reach shore, and became a prisoner

of the French, and the other was never seen or heard of again.

It was now seen that more than one boat in front and to the rear were in difficulty, and ever and anon a sickening crash could be heard above the roaring of the rapids. The nerves of all the soldiers were strained to the utmost, and many sat rigid, fearing that the next moment would be their last.

"We should have portaged our boats around the rapids," growled one old hunter. "I'd ruther walk fifty miles than ride one in sech water as this," and more than one hearer agreed with him.

Some dangerous rapids had been passed, but one still more dangerous was ahead. The lieutenant had been warned of this, and was watching closely.

"To the left! To the left!" he sang out suddenly. "To the left! Swing her over!"

"She won't swing!" came stubbornly from one of the men at the sweeps. "The current's stronger nor a mill-race."

"We must bring her over," said the officer. "Now then, pull for all you are worth. We—ha!"

The last cry was echoed by half a dozen in the boat, and several sprang to their feet regardless of the first order given to them, to sit still. A boat ahead of them had bumped into another craft, and

both had dashed headlong on a hidden rock. Splintered wood, soldiers, army stores, and foaming water seemed hopelessly mixed, and from out of the mass came shrieks of pain and piteous calls for help.

"To the left!" yelled the lieutenant once more, but the cry did no good. The boat swept onward with increased speed, directly into the midst of the wreckage. A shock and a crash followed, and the next instant Dave found himself in the water, surrounded by a score of other soldiers, all fighting madly to save themselves from drowning.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE FALL OF MONTREAL

In his career as a soldier Dave had been in many positions of peril, yet scarcely one had been as dire as that which now confronted him.

The shock came so quickly that he hardly realized what was happening before he was under water, and somebody seemed to be doing his best to stand on the young soldier's shoulders.

Flinging the feet above to one side, Dave tried to reach the surface of the river. In doing this he slid past two more soldiers, both of whom clutched at him, one catching him by the coat, and the other by the neck.

To be held by the coat was of small importance in comparison to being deprived of one's wind, and Dave lost no time in fighting off the fellow who had him by the neck. The hold was a strong one, and the youth feared he would be choked unless he broke it without delay.

There was a wild floundering on all sides, and in the mêlée somebody above kicked out sharply with his heavy boots. One boot struck the man who held Dave by the throat, and the grip was broken just when the youth was about to give up in despair. Then the young soldier felt his coat also freed, and he came up with a rush, to get a badly needed breath of air.

The majority of the soldiers were struggling madly to hold fast to the bits of wreckage floating around. Yells and groans rent the air, with an occasional prayer for assistance. Some had already gone down to their death, and others were fast losing what little strength was left to them.

"It's no use trying to get hold of a board, or anything," thought Dave. "They are all fighting like so many cats and dogs. I'll save my strength, and strike out for shore."

But striking out with his clothing on was by no means easy, and Dave had hardly covered a hundred feet when he found himself well-nigh exhausted. He tried to pull off his coat, but as he was doing this another boat hove into sight, coming straight for him.

"Hi! don't run me down!" he screamed, and then, as the boat swerved to one side, he made a clutch at one of the oars. Willing hands were out-

stretched to him, and in a moment more he was on board, where he sank to the bottom, panting for breath. Two others were picked up in similar fashion, and then the boat swept on to its destination.

The shooting of the St. Lawrence rapids by the army under General Amherst was never forgotten by those who participated in it. During that reckless ride over sixty boats were either totally wrecked or greatly damaged, and more than eighty soldiers lost their lives through drowning. As one boat after another shot through the swirling waters the French gathered on the upper bank of the river, fully expecting to see every one of their enemy go down to destruction.

The rapids passed, the boats, or what was left of them, sailed down Lake St. Louis, and landed at Isle Perrot, at a point about twenty miles above Montreal. Here many of the half-drowned ones were cared for, and some of the boats were temporarily repaired.

"We are well out of that," said Dave, when on land once more. "I shall never attempt to shoot those rapids again;" and he never did.

It had taken three weeks to reach Isle Perrot, and now word came in by Indian messengers that General Murray was also advancing on Montreal

from the northeastward, and that General Haviland was ready to strike whenever required.

"We now have the French as in a vise," said General Amherst. "They cannot get away from us." The next day, early in the morning, the army left Isle Perrot again, and landed on the north bank of the river at La Chine. Here there was some slight show of opposition, but soon the French outposts, and also a number of the inhabitants of La Chine, fled towards Montreal, leaving the English army to land its guns and stores at its leisure.

"On to Montreal!" was now the cry on all sides, and the spirits of the soldiers revived wonderfully, for all felt that a deathblow was soon to be struck to the war which had now lasted for five long years.

It was a beautiful day in early September, and had Dave not been troubled by thoughts of Henry and Barringford, he would have enjoyed the march along the river bank. A regimental band played the liveliest of military airs, and when the band did not play a Colonial drummer and a fifer kept the Royal Americans in step.

Yet it must be confessed that the soldiers were a motley collection. Even the showy uniforms of the grenadiers, and the Royal Artillery, were sadly in need of repairs, while the so-called uniforms of the

Royal Americans, never very good, and of a dozen different designs, were practically in tatters. Dave's uniform confessed to half a dozen rents, and twice as many patches, and his gun, a flint-lock dating back to the war in Scotland, was a clumsy affair that looked as if it was in danger of exploding every time he discharged it.

The next day found Amherst's army encamped almost under the walls of Montreal, to which city the French had flocked from all directions, pleading for protection at the hands of Governor-General Vaudreuil. As Amherst drew near from one direction, Murray and his army came up from the other, while Haviland encamped on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, immediately in front of Montreal.

The city was now in a state of siege, and the French well knew that if they opened fire on the English the enemy would retaliate by bombarding houses, public buildings, and churches, with a great loss of life and property. Many of the Canadians had gone home to their farms, and some of the French regulars had also deserted, so that the army in the city did not number over twenty-five hundred men.

" We cannot fight them," said Vaudreuil. " They have not less than seventeen thousand soldiers, and

hundreds of cannon, and large quantities of ammunition. If we fight, the city will be laid low from end to end; and men, women, and children ruthlessly slaughtered."

Lévis, a born fighter, demurred at first, but soon saw the wisdom of the advice; and a council of war was held. It was a stormy scene, and it took many hours to draw up a form of capitulation. The French officers wished to march out of Montreal with the honors of war, and wished many other things; and these were all put into the paper which was sent to General Amherst the next morning.

"I cannot grant this form of capitulation," said Amherst, on looking the paper over. "I will grant some conditions, but not others. The whole force must lay down its arms, and not serve again during the present war."

When this answer was brought back, Vaudreuil merely shrugged his shoulders, but Lévis went into a rage, and vowed he would never submit.

"I will myself send a note to General Amherst to show him that he is asking too much," said Lévis, and sent the note without delay. In return Amherst stated that he was fully resolved to make the army lay down its arms. He was horrified over the way the French Indians had been allowed to

massacre wounded and helpless English soldiers, and he considered that the enemy must be taught a stern lesson in retaliation.

It was a time of wild excitement in Montreal, for the citizens, and those who had come into the city for protection, were afraid that the English might bombard the place at any moment. When a cannon boomed out as a signal, a hundred cries would ring out. Business had come to a complete standstill, and many places were boarded and locked up; and in some instances goods of value, and money, and jewels, were buried.

For the time being those in the various prisons about the city were practically neglected, and in at least three cases the prisoners almost starved to death because of this neglect. The keeper of the jail in which Henry was confined went off one night, and failed to appear during the next day.

"Something is wrong, that's sure," said one of the prisoners. Then he yelled loudly for water, but nobody came to answer his demand.

Henry was pale and thin, and suffered as much for the want of fresh air as for proper food. The jail was a vile place, and the conditions there were steadily growing worse. One prisoner had committed suicide, and another had gone stark, raving crazy.

"If this keeps on I'll go crazy myself," said Henry. "The food is not fit for a dog to eat."

Strange to say, he had not seen or heard of Jean Bevoir since the French trader had threatened him through the bars of the prison door. As a matter of fact, Bevoir had attempted to have the youth brought before the military court as a spy, but the French commander had refused to listen to his plea.

"You are too anxious in this, sir," said the officer sternly. "I think you must have a grudge against the young fellow. I have no official report against him, and in such a prison he is probably suffering as much as he deserves." And Jean Bevoir sneaked away from headquarters feeling very much as if somebody had kicked him.

Truth to tell, the French commander felt that a crisis was at hand, and that it would not now do to hang or maltreat any of the English prisoners. He even ordered that the prisoners be given better rations, but this order, in the case of the jailer at Henry's jail, was disobeyed, the jailer selling the extra rations to the outsiders in the town at a handsome profit.

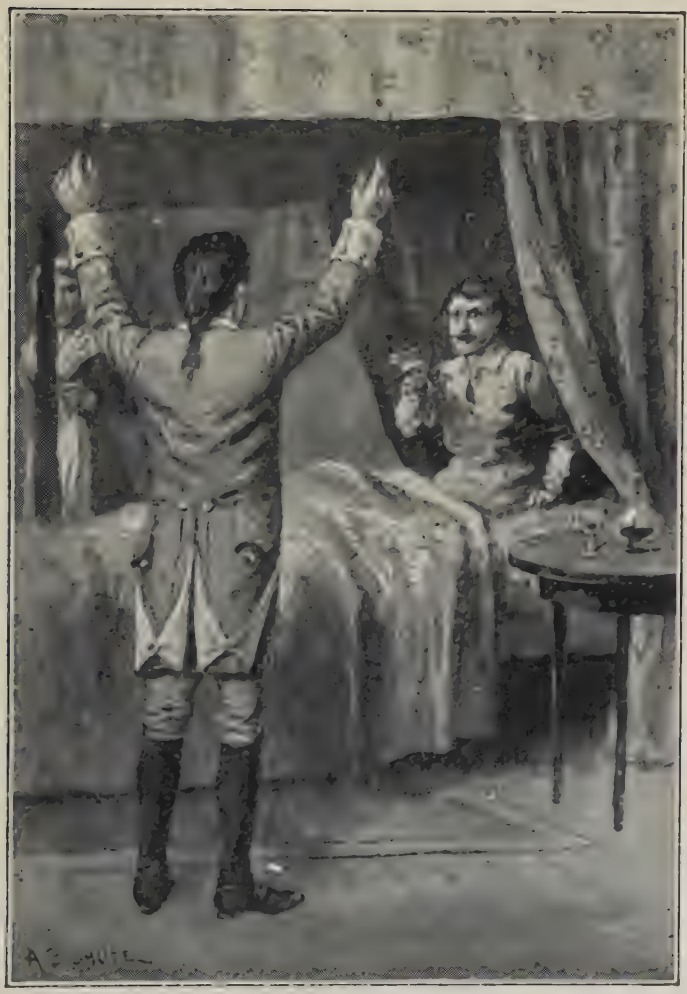
On the night following the disappearance of the jailer, matters reached a climax in the prison. There was a fight for some water that still remained in

a keg in one corner, and this quickly changed to a revolt, in which the jail door was broken down. The prisoners ran forth and scattered in all directions; and although a French guard soon came on the scene and shot down two of the men, the others got away.

With the escaping ones went Henry, almost as reckless as were the leaders. For a while he remained with two of the soldiers who had been quite friendly, but when the shooting began he ran through a back yard, leaped over a stone wall, and made his way along a street that was almost deserted. He was now entirely alone, and, coming to an open hallway, he slipped into a house. He heard sounds of voices in a lower room, and, without stopping to think twice, bounded up the stairs to the second floor.

"Perhaps I'm running into a trap, but I've got to risk it," he told himself; and after a slight hesitation opened a door near the head of the stairs. The room was a bedchamber, and in the center stood a large, square, "four-poster" bed, with the top hangings partly drawn. A man lay on the bed, tossing uneasily, as if in something of a fever. On a chair rested a French uniform, showing that the sleeper was an officer.

"It won't do for me to stay in such hot quarters



"Stand where you are," ordered the sick man —*Page 297.*

as these," thought Henry. "I had better get out just as fast as I came in."

He started back for the hallway, but now came steps on the stairs, and the rattle of dishes, followed by some talking. Henry glanced around him, saw a closet in a corner of the room, and dove into it. Just as he closed the door of the closet he caught a brief glimpse of a woman with a tray, followed by a girl of about his own age. Both entered the bedchamber, closing the door tightly behind them.

A murmur of voices followed, and Henry surmised that the sleeping man had awakened, and that the two women were urging him to partake of the food they had brought. The talking was in French, so he understood but little.

Presently the girl moved across the bedchamber, and before Henry realized what was coming the door of the closet was flung open. As the young soldier was exposed to view, the girl gave a scream, and then uttered several words in French:

"A man! An English soldier!"

"What is it you say?" demanded the man in the bed, and, turning over, he drew a pistol from under his pillow.

"A man—an English soldier," repeated the girl. "Oh, Louis, what shall we do?"

"Stand where you are!" ordered the sick man,

and sat up in bed with the pistol pointed at Henry's head.

"Oh, Louis, my son, have a care!" put in the woman. "He may kill you!"

"I am not afraid, mother," was the answer. "You forget what risks I have taken in the past——"

"But you are still weak. The doctor——"

"The doctor doesn't know me, mother. I am worth a dozen sick men at this minute. Please let me deal with him, and both of you stand aside, so that the fellow can't hide himself behind you."

The girl and the woman were willing enough to do this, and shrank away from the closet. Then, struck by a sudden idea, the woman backed herself up to the door leading to the hallway.

Feeling himself cornered, Henry threw up his hands, and stepped out of the closet.

"Don't fire," he said, as quietly as he could, although his heart was thumping loudly in his breast.

"If you have a pistol throw it on the bed," said the Frenchman in excellent English.

"I am totally unarmed," was Henry's ready answer.

"Is it possible! Where did you come from?"

Henry began to explain, when the French officer suddenly interrupted him.

"Am I mistaken, or have we met before?" he said.

"I do not remember you," returned Henry, puzzled at the unexpected question.

"Did you come from Quebec?"

"I did."

"You were on guard duty there?"

"I was."

"At and near the shop of one Lavelle, a gold and silver smith?"

"Yes, yes! But you—you——" faltered Henry.

At this the French officer gave a chuckle.

"I was there, too," he said. "It was I who escaped from the cellar that night. They tried to catch me, but ha! ha! I was too quick for them. I showed them what a French spy can do when he is put to it!"

CHAPTER XXXII

FROM WAR TO PEACE—CONCLUSION

"It looks as if we'd have to fight after all, Morris."

"What makes you think that?" questioned Dave, who had just come in from four hours of guard duty.

"I just got an inkling from headquarters," said the soldier who had first spoken. "The Frenchmen don't want to agree to General Amherst's demands."

"They will be foolish if they don't," said the young soldier. "With a combined army of seventeen thousand men to draw on we can knock Montreal higher than a kite if we start in to do it."

"To be sure, Morris."

"But I hope it doesn't come to a fight," went on Dave, his face clouding.

"Why; you are not afraid, are you?"

"No. I was thinking of the English prisoners in Montreal. They will be sure to suffer, with no way by which they can help themselves."

"True for you. But the French sick will suffer, too. A cannon ball goes where it pleases, once it is fired."

During the night had come one alarm. Some Canadians had attempted to leave the city with some plunder, taken from houses that happened to be deserted. A part of this crowd was shot down within the city walls by Levis' guards, and the others were shot down by the guards under Amherst and Murray.

"No matter what may happen, I will have no plundering," said Vaudreuil; and Lévis, Amherst, and Murray said the same.

It must be confessed that the outcome of another council of war within the walls of Montreal was anxiously awaited by the English on both sides of the St. Lawrence. Each branch of the army was held in readiness for immediate service, the soldiers sleeping on their arms and the cannoneers under their pieces.

In the city the hubbub was greater than ever. The citizens gathered around headquarters and begged for peace. The Governor-General had to listen to endless advice. Lévis protested to the

last that he wanted the honors of war accorded to his troops. But Amherst, as said before, was unyielding; and at last Vaudreuil signed the paper which, in the course of time, gave all of the Canadian possessions into the hands of the English government and made of the French-Canadians British subjects.

The news was carried far and wide as swift as horses and messengers could travel. "Canada has surrendered! The war is over!" was the glad tidings, and in every portion of the English colonies, as well as in England itself, there was great rejoicing. Cannon were fired, bon-fires lit, and bells tolled, and in some places special church services were held, to give thanks to God that the agony of such long standing was at an end. Even the Canadians rejoiced to think that peace was come, and that they could again go to their farms unmolested alike by soldier or Indian.

The capitulation took place on September 8, 1760. It was agreed that the French soldiers and sailors should be allowed to return to France, and that the Canadians should return to their homes, unmolested. No one was to suffer because of his religion, and it was further agreed that, with a few exceptions, all military and political prisoners should be set free. The Indians on both sides were to be

held in firm check, so that the atrocities of former campaigns should not be repeated. This last agreement made the Indians on both sides very angry, and the great majority of them tore up their wigwams in disgust and departed for parts unknown. Only a handful remained with Sir William Johnson, this band including White Buffalo and four old braves, the braves remaining to get some money that had been promised to them and the chief that he might be near Dave, to go home with the young soldier when the latter was discharged.

"Montreal is ours after all!" cried the young soldier, when the news reached camp. "And we didn't have to fire a shot, excepting at the scoundrels who tried to plunder the place."

Dave was anxious to get into Montreal, to learn something concerning Henry if possible. But it was a good two weeks before he got the chance to enter the city. Then he was placed on a detail sent to visit one of the hospitals.

As the detail was passing down a side street of the city the young soldier chanced to look into the window of one of the houses they were passing.

"Can it be possible!" burst from his lips. Then he ran to the officer in command of the detail. "Will you—you let me off a while—just a few minutes, lieutenant?"

"Why, what's the matter, Morris?" queried the officer. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Perhaps it was a ghost. I thought I saw my cousin Henry at the window of the house back there."

"Indeed! All right, go back and make sure. But don't stay too long."

The caution was not yet finished when Dave started back on a run. As he gained the door of the residence the barrier was flung back and Henry came forth, cap in hand.

"Dave!"

"Henry!"

"I thought I saw you passing!"

"And I thought I saw you at the window!"

And then the pair fell into each other's arms, while tears of joy stood in their eyes. They shook hands over and over again, and it was fully a minute before either could trust himself to speak again.

"How pale and thin you look," declared Dave, at last. "Have you been sick?"

"I've been in prison."

"You mean up at Quebec?"

"There and here too." Henry's face fell a little. "Then you know the news?"

"Know the news? Didn't Sam Barringford and

I travel all the way to Quebec to help you? But when we got there you were missing."

"Good for you and Sam, Dave! How is Sam now? I see you are in pretty good shape."

"Poor Sam is in the hospital at Quebec. He was struck in the head with a bullet and it made him rather out of his head. But we're hoping he'll get over it." Dave paused a moment. "Henry, I'm afraid you've gotten yourself into an awful hole," he went on anxiously.

"How so?" And a faint smile crept around the corners of Henry's mouth.

"Why, by running away after you were placed under arrest."

"But I didn't want to be hanged."

"I know, but now the case will look blacker against you than ever. They will say you didn't dare to stand trial."

"But I can prove my innocence, Dave," cried Henry triumphantly.

"What! How?"

"Easily enough, although the story is rather a wonderful one. You see, while I was in prison here we had a revolt, and all the prisoners broke jail. I ran away by myself and hid in this house, to escape the French soldiers. I was discovered by the lady and daughter who live here, and by the lady's son,

who was sick in bed. The son began to question me, and then he said he had seen me before. We compared notes, and I learned that the son was Captain Louis Gaulette, a noted French spy. Captain Gaulette was in Quebec on a secret mission for General Lévis, and he was in hiding in the cellar of the gold and silver smith's shop when I went down there and tried to reason with Prent. He sent a note to General Murray about it, and he supposed I was set at liberty."

"Good!" almost shouted Dave, and his face began to beam. "In that case, Henry, you can establish your innocence without much trouble."

"That is what I expect to do," answered Henry. "And let me tell you, I am mighty glad this affair has turned out as it has. But what about the war? Is it really ended?"

"Yes, Henry, and I reckon our soldier-boy days have ended with it," answered Dave.

Let me add a few words more and then bring to a close this story of military adventure before and "At the Fall of Montreal."

As both of the young soldiers had surmised, it was an easy matter to prove Henry innocent of the charge that had been made against him, and in the end he received not only a full pardon from General

Murray, but also a letter exonerating him from all blame. For the despicable part he had played Prent was sentenced to five years in an English prison, and with him went Fenley and Harkness for a period of three years. Louis Gaulette became Henry's firm friend, and it may be mentioned here that, years later, Gaulette entered the American army under General Lafayette and served as a spy for Washington during the last years of the War of Independence.

As soon as Dave and Henry were free to come and go as they pleased they took passage on a sloop of war bound down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. At this point they had a man with a rowboat take them over to the Island of Orleans, which was still being used as a hospital. They inquired for Barringford of a guard they met, and after some slight trouble were taken to the ward in which the sufferer belonged.

"Dave an' Henry!" cried the old frontiersman, on seeing them, and Dave's heart leaped with joy to see his eyes as bright and intelligent as ever. "Ef this ain't better'n a dose o' medicine. Whar did ye come from?" And he shook hands warmly.

"First tell us how you feel?" said Dave.

"Fust-rate, Dave, fust-rate. I had a mighty bad spell o' it though—somethin' like a nightmare—an'

the doctor says as how I aint quite strong enough yit to walk around much. Lost some o' my ha'r, too," the old hunter added, pointing to the scar over his ear. "But thet don't count—I'm thankful to pull through with my life."

"We can all be thankful," said Henry.

"How is it you air free, Henry?" went on the frontiersman, and on being told he slapped his thigh in satisfaction. "Thet's splenderiferous news. The folks ter hum will be glad to hear on it."

"That they will," answered Henry, "and I have already sent them a letter."

"Be you goin' home soon?"

"Just as soon as we can obtain our discharge and as soon as you can go with us, Sam," answered Dave.

"Me?"

"To be sure. We wouldn't go home without you; you know that."

"I might hev knowed it, Dave." A tear glistened in the old hunter's eye, and he took their hands again. "Both my boys, aint ye?—through thick an' thin!"

"Yes, we are, Sam," said Henry.

"And glad of it," added Dave.

The start for home did not take place until winter had again set in. They went with a great number

of other soldiers as far as Philadelphia, and then struck out for themselves, in company with half a dozen neighbors and White Buffalo.

At Winchester both James and Joseph Morris met them, and the meeting between fathers and sons was a most affectionate one. Nor were Sam Barringford and White Buffalo forgotten. There were many embraces, and the story of the boys' doings, and of the others, had to be told over and over again.

"The best news from home is that Rodney is improving fast," said Joseph Morris. "The last operation on his leg was a complete success, so the doctors say, and by next spring they think he will be almost as strong as any of us."

"Next spring I am going back to the Kinotah," said James Morris. "My claim to that land is now fully established, and with Jean Bevoir dead there is little likelihood that anybody will ever try to disturb me again."

"Bevoir dead?" burst out Dave. "How do you know that?"

"Why didn't you hear of it?" queried his father. "And you right on the ground too!"

"I heard nothing of him later than when he threatened Henry at Montreal."

"When Montreal was besieged Jean Bevoir joined

a crowd of men who tried to loot many of the houses and stores. The French guard got after the pilferers and shot some of them down, and then they fled out of the city, and the English soldiers shot down the rest, or made them prisoners. Among the number shot down was Jean Bevoir. This news came straight to me from two soldiers who were at Winchester last week."

"Shot down!" repeated Dave. Then he drew a deep breath. "Well, if he was shot down outside of the city perhaps I had a hand in it. But I don't know for sure, and—and—I'm rather glad of it."

"He deserved what he got," came from Barringford. "He was a traitor to everybuddy, even his best friends." And the others felt that the old frontiersman spoke the exact truth.

Yet though they all thought Jean Bevoir dead such was not a fact. The French trader was seriously wounded, and for a long while lay between life and death. But he ultimately recovered, and how he crossed the path of our friends later on will be told in another volume, to be entitled, "On the Trail of Pontiac; or, The Pioneer Boys of the Ohio," in which we shall meet many of our old characters again and learn something of what was done to establish trading-posts on the Kinotah and elsewhere after the war with France, and of how

the wily Indian chief Pontiac did his best to wipe out all white settlements in that territory.

The home-coming was an event long to be remembered. As the riders came in sight of the new cabin Mrs. Morris, Rodney, and little Nell rushed out to greet them.

"Home again! Home again!" shouted Dave and Henry, and flung themselves into the arms outstretched to receive them.

"My son!" murmured Mrs. Morris, as she kissed Henry, "and my Dave!" she added, as she also kissed her nephew.

"Oh, but aint I dreadfully delighted to see you back," piped up little Nell, and kissed them all around, even to White Buffalo. "And now you mustn't go away again, none of you, but stay with me for years and years and years!"

"That's the way to talk, Nell," said Rodney, also beaming with pleasure. "We've had enough of this going-away to last for a lifetime." And then he added: "Just watch how I can walk now!" and led the way to the cabin, walking almost as well as any of them.

It was an old-time feast that awaited those who had come to the cabin, and it lasted far into the night. During that time many neighbors dropped in, wishing them well.

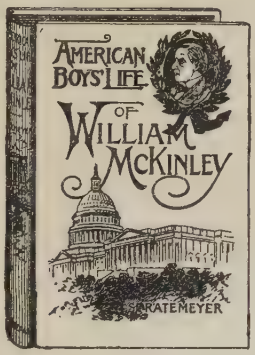
"It would seem that all of our troubles are at an end," said Mrs. Morris. "Now if the Indians will only keep the peace I am sure we will prosper."

"They must keep the peace," said White Buffalo. "My war hatchet is buried, and White Buffalo will not dig it up again unless there is no help for it."

"I've had enough of war," came from Dave. "In the future let me till the soil and hunt game, and I'll be content."

And here let us bid our friends, for the time being, good-by.

American Boys' Biographical Series



AMERICAN BOYS' LIFE OF WILLIAM McKINLEY

By Edward Stratemeyer

300 pages Illustrated by A. B. SHUTE, and from photographs **$1.25**

NO more timely or patriotic book can be found than Mr. Stratemeyer's biography of our late lamented chief magistrate. Here is told the whole story of McKinley's boyhood days, his life at school and at college, his work as a school teacher, his glorious career in the army, his struggles to obtain a footing as a lawyer, his efforts as a Congressman, and lastly his prosperous career as our President. The volume will prove an inspiration to all boys and young men and should be in every library.

Colonial Series

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER

WITH WASHINGTON IN THE WEST Or a Soldier Boy's Battle in the Wilderness

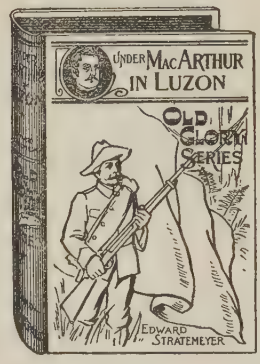
Being the first volume of the "Colonial Series" By EDWARD STRATEMEYER 12mo Cloth Illustrated by A. B. SHUTE 300 pages **$1.25**

WASHINGTON'S earlier life has received scant attention, notwithstanding its possibilities. Mr. Stratemeyer has woven into an excellent story something of Washington's youthful experience as a surveyor, leading on to the always thrilling Braddock's defeat. The boys will be delighted to follow Mr. Stratemeyer to a new historical field, all the better for being unworked. Pictures of pioneer life are given, scenes with friendly Indians, and old-time games. This book will doubtless be the boys' favorite of the season.

MARCHING ON NIAGARA

Or The Soldier Boy of the Old Frontier

Old Glory Series



BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER

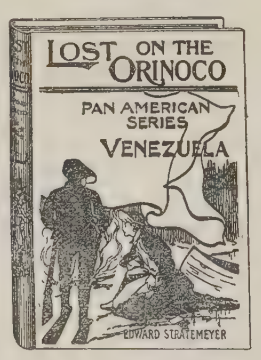
Cloth Illustrated Per volume **$1.25**

MR. STRATEMEYER has written a series of books which, while historically correct and embodying the most important features of the Spanish-American war and the rebellion of the Filipinos, are sufficiently interwoven with fiction to render them most entertaining to young readers.—*The Call, San Francisco.*

UNDER DEWEY AT MANILA
A YOUNG VOLUNTEER IN CUBA
FIGHTING IN CUBAN WATERS
UNDER OTIS IN THE PHILIPPINES
THE CAMPAIGN OF THE JUNGLE
UNDER MAC ARTHUR IN LUZON

Pan-American Series

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER



LOST ON THE ORINOCO

Illustrated by A. Burnham Shute

12mo Cloth 330 pages **$1 net**

THIS series relates the adventures of four American boys and their tutor, who has been a great traveller and hunter in the tropics and further south. The first volume tells of their adventures on the steamer to Venezuela; sight-seeing in and around Caracas; on the Orinoco; in the mines and on the plains. With the interest in South American matters at the present time, this should be a book in which all boys will be interested.

War and Adventure Stories

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER

ON TO PEKIN

Illustrated by A. BURNHAM SHUTE Cloth 12mo 330 pages **$1.25**

BETWEEN BOER AND BRITON

Cloth Emblematic cover Illustrated by A. BURNHAM SHUTE **$1.25**

Ship and Shore Series

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER

THREE volumes New style Cloth Illustrated Per volume **$1.00**

Of standard writers of boys' books there is quite a list, but those who have not read any by Edward Stratemeyer have missed a goodly thing. — *Boston Ideas.*

Mr. Stratemeyer gives his youthful readers plenty of adventures, but there is little that might not easily happen. His books are eminently "safe" ones, and their patriotic spirit will be considered admirable. — *Home Journal, Boston.*

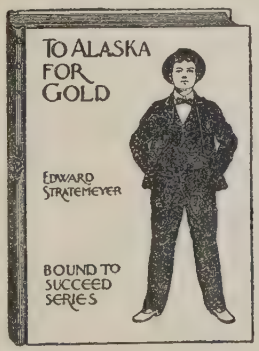
THE LAST CRUISE OF THE SPITFIRE
Or Luke Foster's Strange Voyage

REUBEN STONE'S DISCOVERY Or The Young Miller of Torrent Bend

TRUE TO HIMSELF Or Roger Strong's Struggle for Place

Bound to Succeed Series

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER



THREE volumes New style Cloth Illustrated Per volume **$1.00**

Lee & Shepard have in Mr. Stratemeyer a new Oliver Optic. — *Central Christian Advocate.*

Of standard writers of boys' books there is quite a list, but those who have not read any by Edward Stratemeyer have missed a goodly thing. — *Boston Ideas.*

RICHARD DARE'S VENTURE
Or Striking Out for Himself

OLIVER BRIGHT'S SEARCH
Or The Mystery of a Mine

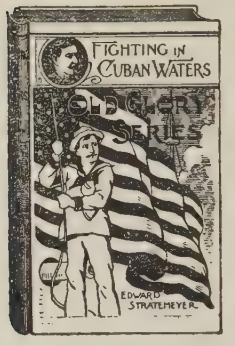
TO ALASKA FOR GOLD
Or The Fortune Hunters of the Yukon

THE FAMOUS "OLD GLORY SERIES"

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER

Author of "The Bound to Succeed Series," "The Ship and Shore Series," "Colonial Series," "Pan-American Series," etc.

Six volumes Cloth Illustrated Price per volume $1.25



UNDER DEWEY AT MANILA
Or The War Fortunes of a Castaway

A YOUNG VOLUNTEER IN CUBA
Or Fighting for the Single Star

FIGHTING IN CUBAN WATERS
Or Under Schley on the Brooklyn

UNDER OTIS IN THE PHILIPPINES
Or A Young Officer in the Tropics

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE JUNGLE
Or Under Lawton through Luzon

UNDER MACARTHUR IN LUZON
Or Last Battles in the Philippines

"A boy once addicted to Stratemeyer stays by him." — *The Living Church.*

"The boys' delight — the 'Old Glory Series.'" — *The Christian Advocate, New York.*

"Stratemeyer's style suits the boys." — JOHN TERHUNE, *Supt. of Public Instruction, Bergen Co., New Jersey.*

"Mr. Stratemeyer is in a class by himself when it comes to writing about American heroes, their brilliant doings on land and sea." — *Times, Boston.*

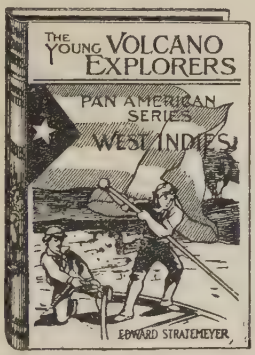
"Mr. Stratemeyer has written a series of books which, while historically correct and embodying the most important features of the Spanish-American War and the rebellion of the Filipinos, are sufficiently interwoven with fiction to render them most entertaining to young readers." — *The Call, San Francisco.*

For sale by all booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by

LEE AND SHEPARD, Publishers,
BOSTON

The Young Volcano Explorers Or American Boys in the West Indies

Second Volume of Pan-American Series, the previous volume being "Lost on the Orinoco" By EDWARD STRATEMEYER Illustrated by A. B. SHUTE
Cloth Decorated cover Price $1.00 net Postage, 12 cents



IN the first volume of this popular new series five American youths and their tutor sailed from New York to Venezuela, and had both good times and exciting adventures in the region of the Orinoco, seeing and learning much. The same congenial party are now touring in the West Indies, and "do" Cuba, Hayti, Porto Rico, and some less important islands in their entertaining way, when the eruptions attract them to Martinique and St. Vincent. Here they explore the scenes of devastation with the zest that only active, intelligent boys know. As usual, Mr. Stratemeyer conveys a great deal of accurate information told in such a way as to be eagerly welcomed.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent prepaid on receipt of price and postage, by the publishers

LEE AND SHEPARD
BOSTON

VD
100